

The Sketch

No. 758.—Vol. LIX.

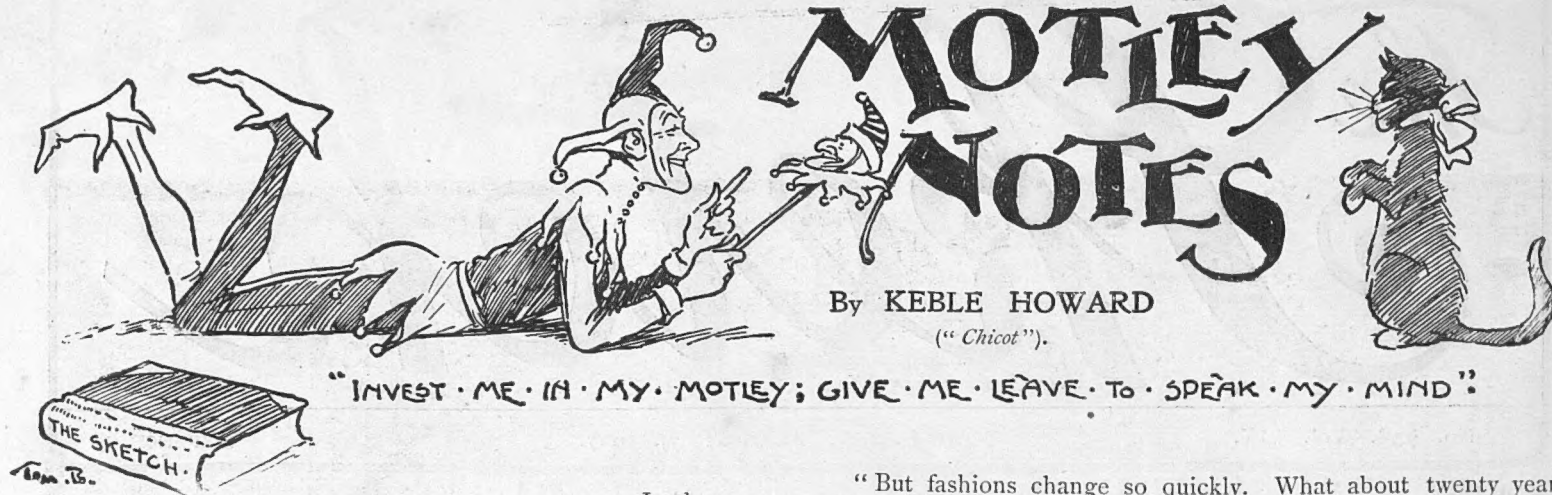
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



MISS PHYLLIS DARE DEVELOPS INTO A SANDOW GIRL: THE POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESS
AS PEGGY, IN "THE DAIRYMAIDS."

Miss Phyllis Dare started a tour in "The Dairymaids" on Saturday last, playing Peggy, the part created by Miss Carrie Moore. Several new numbers have been written for her. She is here shown in the Sandow-girl dress. [Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield]



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

London.

Telephone
Nerves.

You yourself, friend the reader, may not be suffering at present from "telephone nerves," but you will if you are not very careful. Thousands of flat-holders have telephone nerves. They jump at the faintest tinkle. In the middle of the night they sit up in bed and listen intently. They have been hearing the *r-r-r-ring* of the telephone through their dreams. Householders, especially if their houses are fairly large, do not suffer so much. They don't live with the telephone. In a flat, however, the telephone-bell becomes an obsession. A fretful child is nothing to it. Half-a-dozen times during a flat-holder's dinner-party the hostess will raise a warning finger and lean forward. "What's the matter?" asks her husband, rather annoyed that the exploitation of his pet grievance should have been interrupted. "I thought I heard the telephone," explains the hostess. "I think it was only a bicycle," says a guest, and the conversation is resumed. You may say that nobody is obliged to have the telephone, but this is not quite correct. Once get accustomed to the telephone, and it is as indispensable as electric-light, or water, or air. I suppose a bell is the best possible signal, but many blameless lives would be happier if the *r-r-r-ring* were not quite so startlingly abrupt.

"Absurdly
Safe."

The architect of an enormous hotel shortly to be opened in London has been asked by the reporter of a newspaper whether there will be more than the usual danger in case of fire, and has assured the questioner that the precautions are so many that visitors will be "absurdly safe." The phrase strikes me as being a happy one, and I shall not be surprised to find it imitated in trade advertisements. It would not be a bad idea, perhaps, to describe a safety-razor as "exasperatingly simple," and anybody could draw attention to a seaside hotel if they would but allude to it as "bewilderingly bracing." Outside the posters of Mr. John Hassall and some others, English advertisements are apt to lack humour. It is all very well to say that your knives are the best on the market. In all probability they are, but the bare statement is not lively enough for the present generation. Just give them a picture of an old gentleman, very stout for preference, carving a leg of mutton with one hand and a chicken with the other. You will sell twice as many carving-knives.

The Feet of
Phyllis.

"I've got enormous feet," said Miss Phyllis complacently.

"Have you?"

"Of course I have," she replied indignantly. "All really modern girls have enormous feet. Haven't you seen the fuss in the papers about it?"

"Yours don't look so very tremendous. What size do you take?"

"Fives, but I can wear a six. Almost all the girls in our team wear sixes, and the captain wears sevens. That's why she's captain."

"I see. And fives make you feel, literally, rather small, I suppose?"

"Rather! It was awfully good of them not to leave me out, because there are three girls who play nearly as well as I do who take sevens. Our goal-keeper, Lilian Smith, takes eights. She's a dear!"

"But the day will come when you will be obliged to give up hockey. You won't be able to give up the big feet at the same time, you know."

"Why should I? You seem to take it for granted that I shall be ashamed of them. As a matter of fact, it will be awfully bad form, in about ten years' time, for a woman to have small feet."

"But fashions change so quickly. What about twenty years' time? Then it may be bad form to have——"

"I'm tired of this," said Miss Phyllis. "Let's talk cricket."

Ode to That
Goal-Keeper.

Solid, stalwart Lilian
Rocklike, spartan Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her mighty hands above me,
Laughing like a man;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Stalwart, surefoot Lilian.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Keeping goal without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian;
Tho' my very heart it thrilleth
When from rough, untended lips
Sternly worded order trilleth—
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not melt thee,
Solid Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf thou wilt crush me,
Stalwart Lilian.

AUNT EMILY'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRoubLED IN SPIRIT.—This is a very common complaint, especially at the beginning of August. My advice to you is this: Take one large lemon, squeeze the juice into an egg-cup, add the white of two eggs and a teaspoonful of vinegar. The egg-cup should now be full to the brim. Bend the head until the chin rests on the chest, and place the egg-cup containing the mixture on the nape of the neck. Move slowly round the dining-room table eleven times, saying to yourself as you go, "I am a very naughty, discontented girl, and I thoroughly deserve to spill the contents of this egg-cup down my back." Before you have completed the twelfth circle, you will find that the complaint has completely disappeared.

P.S.—Why didn't you enclose a coupon, you mean cat?

ERMYNTRUDE-FOR-SHORT is in a quandary. She has formed an attachment for a young gentleman to whom she has not been introduced. 'Twas in this way. Strolling along the Front at Hastings, Ermyntrude-For-Short saw a very horrid girl whom she particularly wished to avoid. So she plumped herself down in the first chair, only to discover, when too late, that it was already occupied by ERIC. (Eric should send a coupon.) The acquaintance thus informally begun rapidly ripened into love, and Ermyntrude-For-Short is in doubt as to the next move.—I certainly think that she should at once put an end to the friendship. Marriages brought about in this informal manner nearly always turn out unhappily. I know a couple who ran into each other, literally, when both were searching for hidden treasure. Their heads came together with a pretty sharp crack. The girl's father consented to the match merely because he saw the chance of making a silly joke after the wedding ceremony about searching for treasure and finding it. Now they cannot leave the fire-irons alone for an hour together. If Eric had been a real gentleman he would have pretended that he wasn't in the chair at all.

KITTY K. BOBBINGSTONE wants to know if any reader can tell her how to turn old brown boots into black ones. (She has sent a coupon, but it is so frayed that I cannot read the date on it.) Kitty should get the chauffeur to rub the boots over with second-hand motor-oil. They should then be placed in a little ink-bath, and left in the cellar until fermentation sets in.

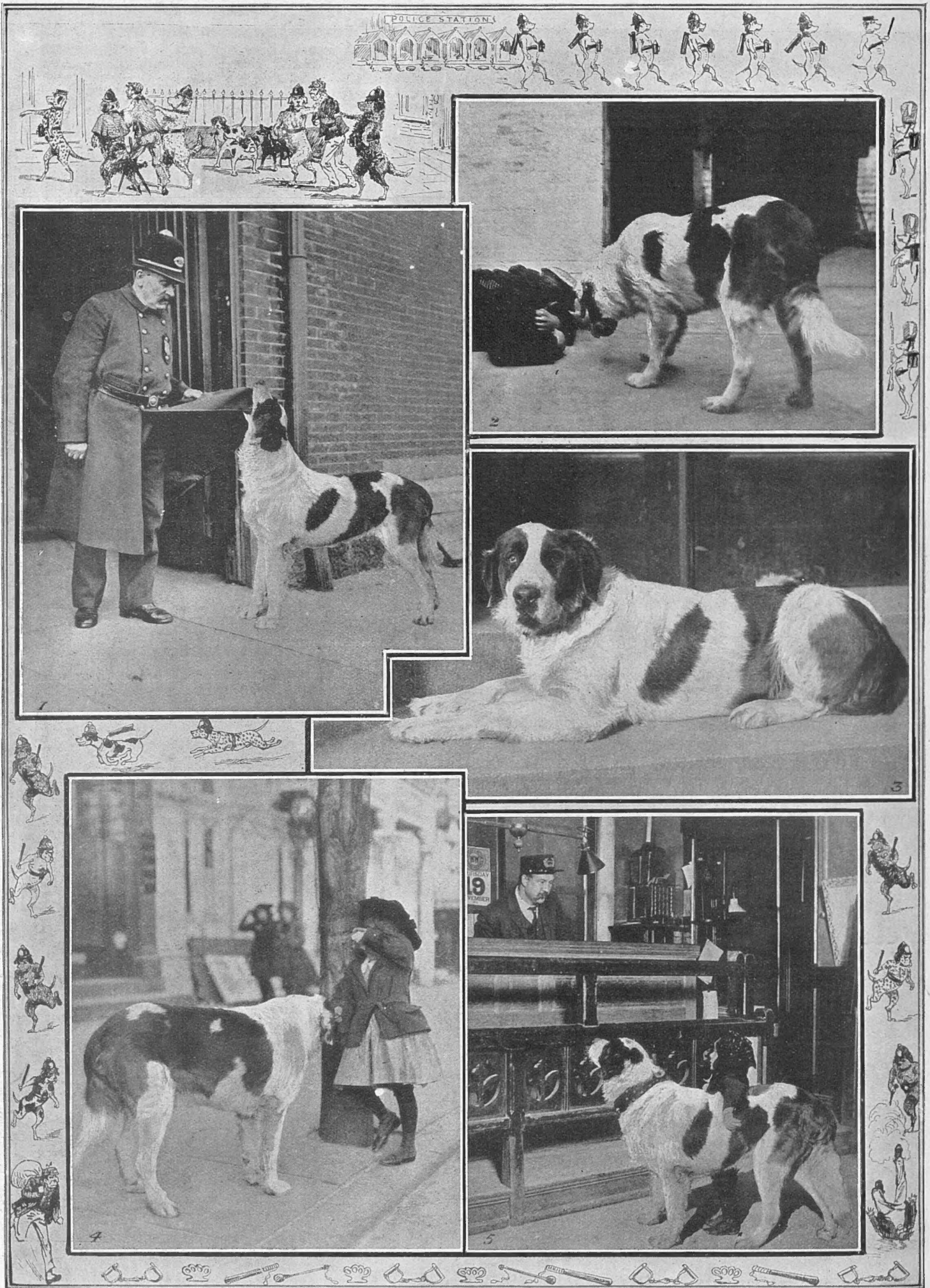
RAMMY, THE TRIPPER!



THE FORGER KING: RAMESES II., WHO PLACED HIS NAME ON "EVERY TEMPLE, STATUE, AND MONUMENT THAT HE IMAGINED WOULD STAND THE TEST OF TIME."

Professor Naville, one of the scientists in charge of the explorations for antiquities in Egypt, has done much to smirch the reputation of Ramses II. as a "Great" King of Egypt. According to Professor Naville, Ramses had the tripper-like habit of inscribing his name on "every temple, statue, and monument that he imagined would stand the test of time." To an "Evening News" interviewer Professor Naville said: "He wished to dazzle posterity, and he did so. But now we are beginning to find him out. Some of the antiquities on which his name appears must have existed quite 1000 years before he was born. Occasionally he even went to the length of erasing the name formerly borne by a statue and substituting his own. He was never particular whose name it was that he erased." The ovals in the border-design are drawings of the cartouches of Ramses II.—[Photograph by Dietrich.

WHY DOES BELFAST WANT POLICEMEN WHEN POLICE-DOGS CAN BE HAD?



1. REX, THE POLICE-DOG, CALLING A CONSTABLE BY TUGGING AT HIS COAT.
2. WHY THE CALL WAS GIVEN: REX FINDING A DRUNKEN MAN, WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN FROZEN TO DEATH HAD HE NOT BEEN RESCUED.

3. REX, A MEMBER OF THE PHILADELPHIAN POLICE FORCE.
4. THE POLICE-DOG FINDING A LOST CHILD.—
5. —AND BRINGING A WAIF TO THE POLICE-STATION.

THE POLICE-DOG OF PHILADELPHIA ON DUTY: A CONSTABLE WHO DOES NOT STRIKE.

Rex is a regular member of the police force of Philadelphia, but does not draw a salary. He is especially famed for the way he calls the police to the rescue of drunken persons, and also for the finding of lost children. He always attends when the police are mustered, taking a place at the end of the line and remaining there until the inspection is finished. When the men march out to duty he goes with them, only to leave them when he reaches the beginning of his "beat."

Photographs by the Topical Press.

THE WEDDING OF

MISS MAUD FEALY.



MISS MAUD FEALY, WHOSE MARRIAGE HAS RESULTED IN AN EXTRAORDINARY NEWSPAPER STORY.

Miss Maud Fealy, who played the heroine in Mr. William Gillette's production of "Sherlock Holmes," and later was Henry Irving's leading lady, was married to Mr. Louis Sherwin last Saturday week. Three days later came an extraordinary report that Miss Fealy had promised to annul the marriage at the wish of her mother. The same report stated that Miss Fealy's mother, Mrs. Cavallo, had not the slightest objection to Mr. Sherwin, but desired that her daughter should not marry at all.

Photograph by Bassano.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9,
FRANK CURZON Presents JAMES WELCH in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
At 8.15, THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE. MAT. every WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

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Every Evening at 8 (Doors open 7.40). a new Musical Play, Entitled THE GIRLS OF
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and gorgeous conception."—Standard.
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Antiques and Curios are invited to call or write to the Secretary, 107, Regent Street, for
prospectus and terms of membership.

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Celebrated Viennese Band Performs Daily. Land and Marine Excursions. Golf Links
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Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C.; or of the Continental
Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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The service will be performed by the s.s. "N. J. Fjord" and s.s. "Primula." These fast
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For further information address the United Shipping Company, Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street,
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London Bridge "	10 22	...	11 35	...	1 50	...	4 0	...	4 55
Portsmouth arr.	12 55	1 37	2 16	3 48	4 22	5 56	6 39	6 59	7 40
Ryde "	1 50	2 20	3 5	4 30	5 15	6 35	7 45	7 45	8 47
Sandown "	...	2 52	3 38	5 2	5 50	7 9	8 25	8 25	9 21
Shanklin "	...	2 58	3 32	5 8	5 55	7 15	8 30	8 30	9 28
Ventnor "	...	3 10	3 40	5 22	6 8	7 28	8 40	8 40	9 42
Cowes "	...	3 18	3 35	5 50	5 50	8 5	8 5	9 10	9 10
Newport "	...	2 59	4 10	6 24	6 30	8 40	8 40	10 15	10 15
Freshwater "	...	3 35	5 15	7 10	7 10	9 35	9 35

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PROGRAMME ON APPLICATION.
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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

AUGUST 10.

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NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND W.C.

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detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person
injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

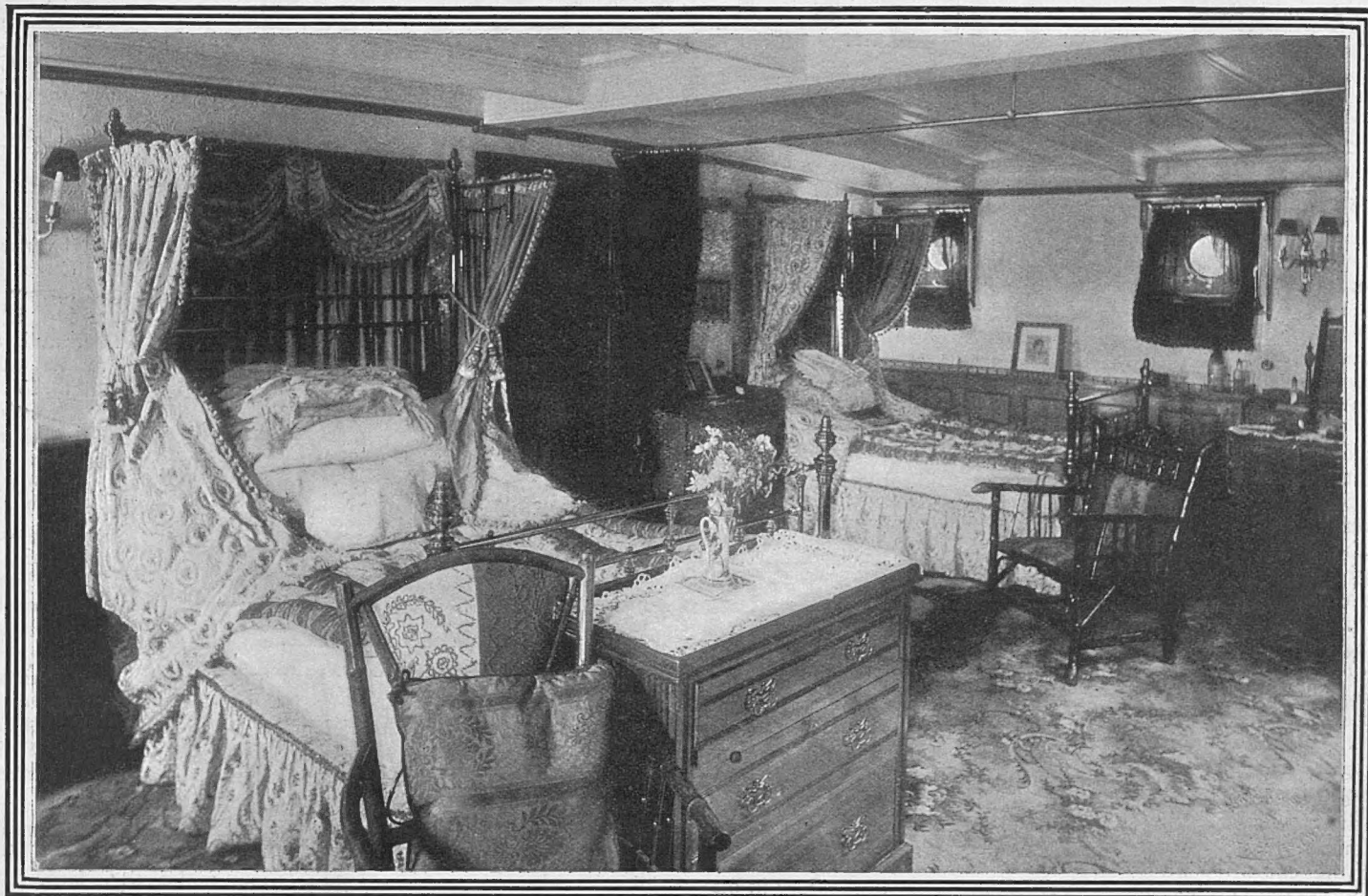
This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the
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Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under
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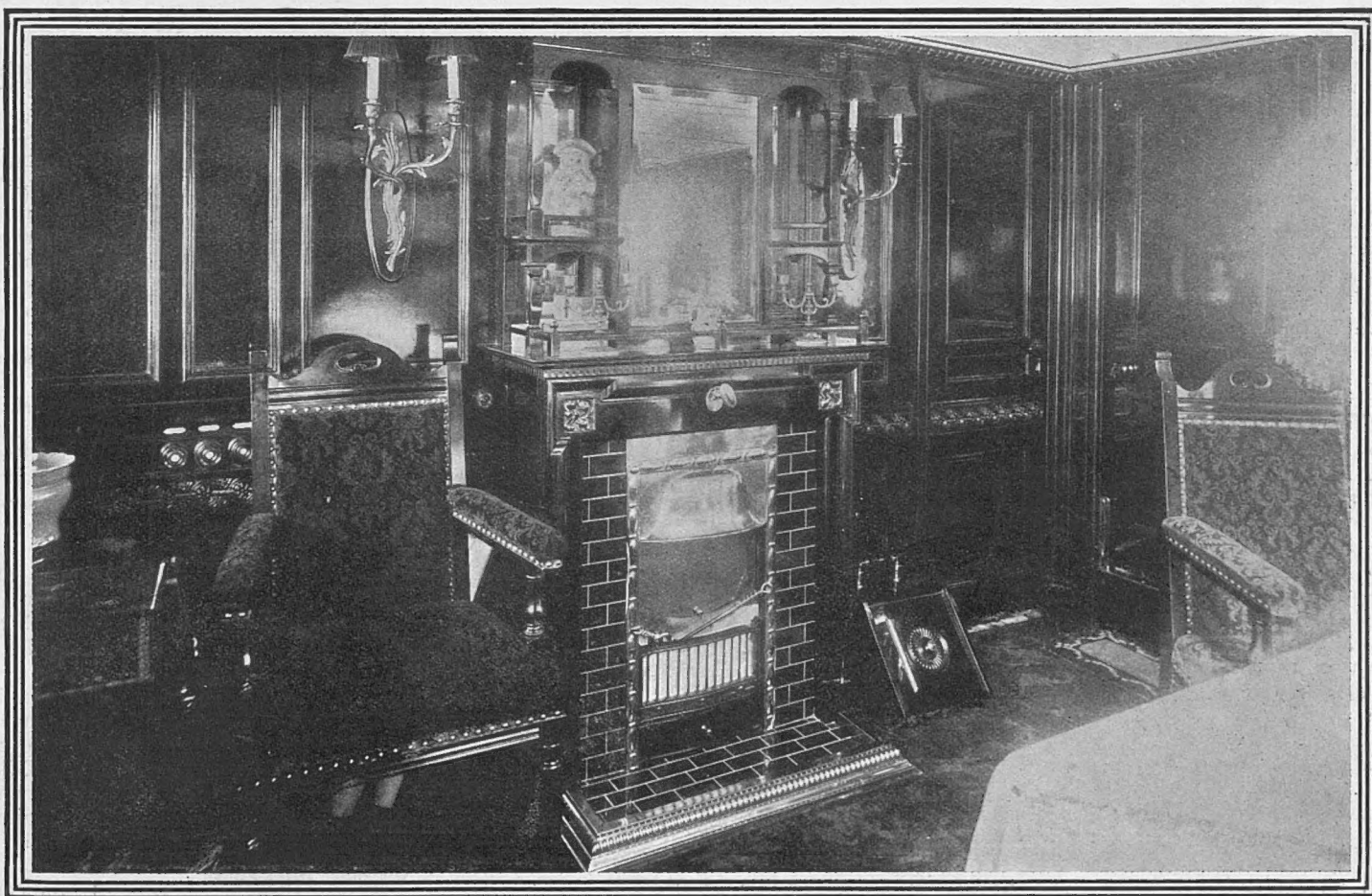
August 7, 1907.

Signature.....

A MANSION ON THE HIGH SEAS:
THE LUXURIOUS MODERN YACHT.



LIKE A BED-ROOM ON LAND: THE STATE SALOON OF THE STEAM-YACHT "AGATHA."



A COAL FIREPLACE ON A YACHT: THE SMOKING-SALOON OF THE "AGATHA."

The floating palace has become almost a commonplace. The floating mansion, as represented by the ultra-modern pleasure yacht, is perhaps rather more rare. There are, however, many yachts that fully deserve the title of floating mansion. It is singular, indeed, how many of the saloons look far more like rooms in a house than apartments on a boat. The two examples given above may be taken as typical.

Photographs by W. W. Kirk and Sons.



THE CLUBMAN

THE FINEST YACHT CLUB IN THE WORLD—YACHT CLUBS IN RUSSIA, ENGLAND, AND GERMANY—
THE OPENING OF THE HAVRE CLUB.

I AM not at all sure that Havre has not the finest yacht club in the world. I have seen many yacht clubs in many parts, but I cannot recall one which is more finely situated than this Norman one. Our own Squadron Club at Cowes Castle looks pleasantly across the Solent to Portsmouth, and its grey walls, its long glass shelter, and its miniature battery make it different in appearance from any foreign yacht clubs. Its lawn, that sacred spot where this week all Society is to be found in tabloid and rather explosive form, is behind the club house, and from a great portion of it there is no view of the sea. Some years ago, the Committee added to the space of turf by purchasing some more land, but the club is cramped for room.

The Russian Imperial Yacht Club at the Islands is even more exclusive than the Squadron, for no one who is not noble by birth is admitted as a member, the present Prime Minister of Russia being the exception who proves the rule. Any member who does anything that the other members consider to be derogatory in one of the nobility is liable to be expelled from the club, and one of the members who joined the party of the Social Democrats was so expelled a few months ago. The club building, though situated amongst beautiful surroundings on an arm of the estuary, has but little accommodation, and cannot be regarded as a model club.

The Kiel Yacht Club, if I remember rightly, is a long series of rooms above a public restaurant, and I have memories of a very comfortable yacht club at Hamburg, and of a very pretty one at Stockholm; but the yacht club that the thoughts of most people who have been in the East will turn to as the most agreeable of seaside clubs is the Bombay Yacht Club. After the voyage across the Indian ocean, cramped cabins, food of which one has grown weary, a deck the tramp up and down which becomes as irksome as prison exercise, it is delightful to be in a cool, spacious club, with an infinite choice of easy chairs, a great selection of unread papers, a menu of dishes of a new country, servants all in spotless white, an absence of the smells of oil and of the galley (which cannot be avoided on even the largest ships), and a steady matting-covered floor, instead of the pendulum of the deck-planks.

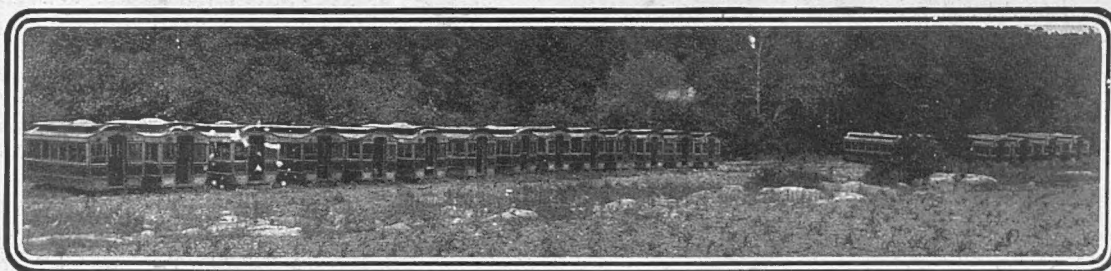
The new yacht club at Havre is a long vista of handsome white rooms, admirably proportioned, which for a ball or a theatrical entertainment can be thrown into one great hall, and on the seaside there is a very broad verandah, the roof of which is as high as that of the rooms. On a lower level is a great terrace. The view from verandah and terrace over the bay is very fine, and as a grand stand from which to view the regattas, and as a place of coolness on a hot July day, it would be impossible to surpass this new club. It has twin towers of high-pitched roof, and many flag-staffs, from which long strings of flags

fly. The club is the property of M. Dufayel, who is to Paris what Whiteley's is to London, and has made a huge fortune by selling the Parisians furniture for their flats and allowing them to pay by instalments.

The opening ceremony, which was performed on the Sunday evening before the regatta week, took the form of such an entertainment as only a millionaire could give. The rooms had all been joined, and at one end was a proscenium and a stage large enough for the presentation of any comedy. On the broad verandah had been laid a long buffet which was a bank of roses flanked by battalions of champagne-bottles. In the rooms everybody who is anybody in Havre was seated, and the town can show as many handsome ladies as any other one in France. The men are bilingual. There was hardly an Englishman in the rooms who could not speak French as fluently as his native language, and the Frenchmen seemed all to talk English with perfect ease.

On the stage there was given a succession of performances which showed some of the greatest talents of France. Coquelin cadet spoke some of his monologues, and played little scraps of comedy with Mlle. du Minil, who is a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française. Mlle. Grandjean, M.

Noté, and two other singers from the Opéra sang, and Mlle. Trouhanowa, one of the most shapely premières danseuses of the day, danced the leading part in a ballet pantomime. One can hardly imagine a new yacht club in a British seaport town being opened in such a manner, but then few seaport towns in any country have a good genius like M. Dufayel to build such a club for the pleasure of himself and his friends.



THE TRAM AS A HOLIDAY-RESORT: OLD CARS AS HOMES FOR WORKING-GIRLS.

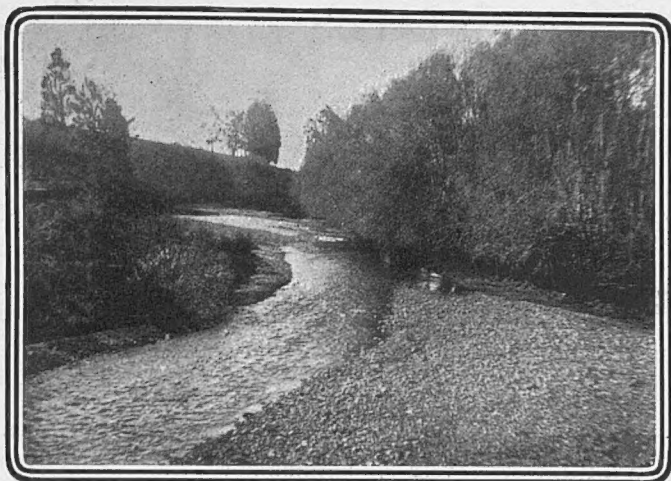
The cars, which were given to a club for working-girls, are at Mountainville. They have been fitted as dwelling-places, and in them the girls live while on vacation. — [Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



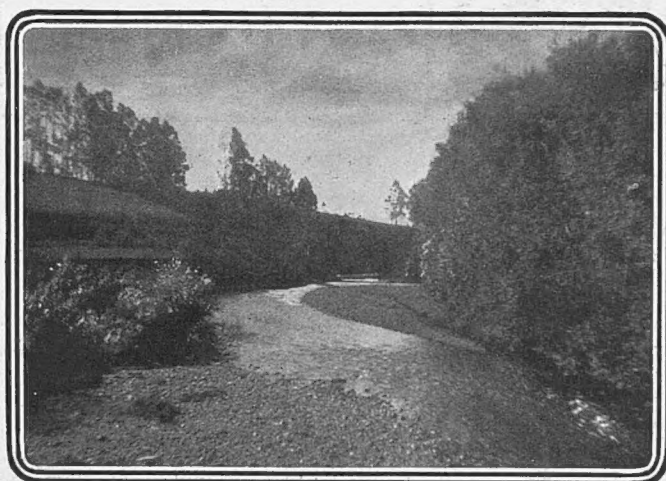
A FASHION CREATED BY HEROES IN A HURRY: THE ADVENT OF THE STEINKIRK CRAVAT.

In the hurry that preceded the Battle of Steinkirk, several young officers dressed in such haste that they were unable to tie their cravats in the approved fashion. The resulting form of cravat became, in turn, a fashion, and was known as the Steinkirk.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



ON THE TUESDAY: THE COURSE OF THE WAIHI AT GERALDINE, SOUTH CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND.



ON THE WEDNESDAY: THE COURSE OF THE SAME RIVER PHOTOGRAPHED FROM PRECISELY THE SAME SPOT.

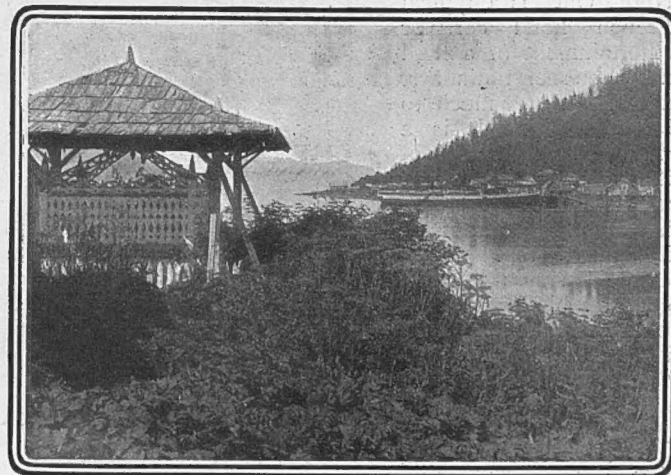
A RIVER'S QUICK CHANGE OF COURSE: THE RESULT OF A DAY'S RAIN.

The smaller rivers in New Zealand change their courses frequently. In the case illustrated the cause of the change was a severe thunderstorm. Between the Tuesday and the Wednesday afternoon the course of the river altered to the extent shown in our photographs.—[Photographs supplied by Drummond Sharpe.]



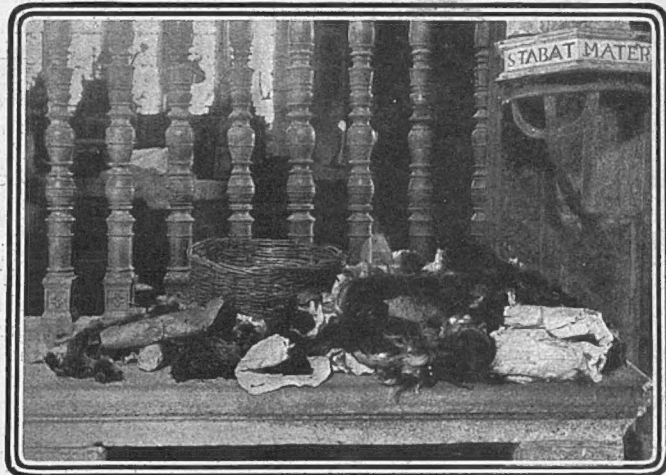
THE HUMAN ROULETTE-TABLE: THE RESULT OF TRYING TO STAND ON THE REVOLVING PLATFORM.

A form of the human roulette-table has been seen in this country on the music-hall stage. In that case the revolving table was chiefly used by performing ponies, who kept their feet in a marvellous manner. The small boys who followed the ponies could seldom stand for more than a few seconds. The table here illustrated is in America, and can be revolved at a great speed.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



A NEW-BORN ISLAND AS A BURIAL-GROUND: AN ALASKAN CHIEF'S GRAVE NEAR FORT WRANGELL.

The announcement in the "Gazette" that a volcanic island, 300 yards in diameter, has suddenly appeared in the northern approach to Cheduba Strait, off the Burmah-Arakan coast, makes the above photograph of Chief Chu Tax's unique grave near Fort Wrangell of topical interest, for Chu Tax was, by his own desire, buried upon a new-born island.



COWS'-TAILS OFFERED TO THE PATRON SAINT OF CATTLE: TAILS ON THE ALTAR OF ST. CORNELI.

The offerings are made in the church consecrated to St. Cornely, at Saint Herbot, in Brittany. St. Cornely is the patron saint of cattle, and once a year those whose cattle are sick place the tails of cows and oxen upon the altar. On occasions so many tails have been offered that the parish has obtained from 1500 to 1800 francs by their sale.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY"—"A NIGHT OUT."

ALTHOUGH it was very pleasant to see Mr. Edward Compton again in London, the fact that the production at the St. James's was not by the Compton Comedy Company was rather disappointing, and I think we should have been better pleased had Mr. Compton appeared in what one may call a Compton comedy rather than in a new piece in which he plays a coat-and-trousers part. For Mr. Compton's style is better displayed in the artificial comedies than in modern plays, since he has a tendency to a hard, glittering method, with strong contrasts of light and shade; also the comic and the obviously insincere sentimental passages of the heartless old plays lie more easily in his range than the earnest scenes which he had to present in "The Eighteenth Century." The new "fantastic" piece by modestly anonymous authors does not make one yearn to solve the mystery of the authorship. The playwrights have written one good scene—that in which the heroine presses the frivolous young Earl to tell her whether he really loves her; the rest of the work has rather a machine-made air, and the workmanship is not very neat. The potion which causes hero and valet and friends suddenly to find themselves transported from 1907 to 1745 was more easily swallowed by Mr. Compton and his comrade than by the audience, and the ordinary contrivance of a dream—employed, for instance, in "When Knights Were Bold"—would have been more satisfactory.

The logic of a dream is less rigid than that of a magic potion; one expects inconsistencies in a dream, but whilst willing to assume that a potion might be capable of turning back the hands of the clock, we demand that all things dependent upon the translation of the characters from one century to another shall be rationally related. When we found the young Earl at one moment with the feelings and ideas of the twentieth century and at another with those of a Mohock, it became obvious that the authors were not quite playing the game. In farce, it is hard to pardon this kind of thing; in a comedy, impossible. Such a matter is a trifle to the ordinary playgoer, except so far as it causes him to be puzzled, and then he resents it a little. He resents, too, a mixture of styles without, perhaps, clearly perceiving the grounds of his resentment. When the eighteenth-century Admiral and General had quarrelled half-a-dozen times about trifles and then shaken hands, the house became a little impatient: the comic device was not subtle enough to gain by repetition: it manifestly belonged to musical farce and was out of place in a comedy at the St. James's, and so there was a little of the terrible derisive laughter which is uglier and even more cruel than the simple "boo." Fortunately, the

it is rash to say "lately." Somewhat cruelly, the authors have taken off a little of the glamour of the "good old times," which were really very bad old times for most of the people who lived in them, and in particular they have made a hit at the chivalry which is supposed by some to be dying out, and to be regrettable. In the theatre, the home of pretty delusions, one hardly expects to get a hint of the dirt, nasty drunkenness and brutality of our ancestors, even in high places; but we did in "The Eighteenth Century." It makes me feel very old to think how well I remember the discussions and prophecies of ruining the country, and howls about decadence, etc., heard in the land when the first Married Woman's Property Act became law, and yet it is little more than thirty years ago.

Lady Anastasia's statement in "The Eighteenth Century" as to the duties of a wife called up some of these ideas very vividly. It is, however, typical of the stage that her ideas of wifely obedience and forgiveness (say, rather, wifely slavery) still prevail in most of our dramas of to-day, although "The Doll's House" shook the very foundations of marriage almost twenty years ago when presented at the playhouse in Great Queen Street.

The play has its amusing scenes, and introduces the fancy dresses and the olden-day dances that never seem to fail to please an audience. Quite an excellent company has been engaged. Of Mr. Compton's acting I have already spoken generally, but ought to add that in many respects his work was very able and interesting. Miss Grace Lane played the part of the heroine quite prettily, and in the serious scene of the first act was admirable. Miss Suzanne Sheldon in the second act, as a vicious woman of fashion, acted superbly. Mr. Eric Lewis, the comic valet, helped the play greatly by very clever work; and another comic servant, a butler, was cleverly presented by Mr. Philip Gordon, who mispronounced his words rather too elaborately. There was little scope for Mr. Henry Ainley except in a costume part, where he acted in a spirited fashion as a gallant young officer.

The Criterion is filling up the time with a revival of a farce which had great success in 1896. "A Night Out" is a typical French hotel corridor entertainment of a kind not often seen nowadays, a fact not very much to be regretted. It is a work that loses much of its point when transferred to this country, but there is enough broad humour, ingenuity, and strong comic business to cause considerable laughter, so it may be taken to justify its existence, and even the revival. Mr. George Giddens in his original part as the husband who goes to town for a lark, and glides cheerfully through innumerable difficulties and dangers, is in his element, and works hard and successfully; and Mr. Frederick Volpé is amusing as the stammering old notary with the four daughters. The ladies have little chance of distinction, but Miss Marguerite Leslie makes the best of a not very promising part, and Miss Frances Vine is a capital Victorine.



A PARSEE ACTOR OF EUROPEAN PARTS: MR. KATAN, A DESCENDANT OF THE PERSIANS WHO SETTLED IN INDIA IN THE 7TH AND 8TH CENTURIES.



MR. KATAN IN THE LEADING PART IN SHERIDAN'S "PIZARRO."

parts were taken by two popular actors, Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. E. M. Robson, and they, of course played them very well.

It is rather curious that this kind of piece should have contained a kind of criticism of the romantic drama lately in vogue—perhaps



MR. KATAN AS HAMLET.

Photographs supplied by O. Bainbridge.

WILL HE BE THOUGHT TYPICAL OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY MAN
BY THE SIXTIETH-CENTURY SCIENTIST?



THE CAST FROM LIFE OF MR. EUGEN SANDOW IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM,
SOUTH KENSINGTON: "XANTHOCHROIC.—CAUCASIAN TYPE.—E. SANDOW."

The cast, which has a place in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, was taken from life a year or two ago. It is to be hoped that the scientist of the future who excavates this cast from the ruins of London will believe that every twentieth-century citizen was of this heroic mould.

Photograph taken specially for "The Sketch."

SMALL
TALK

ANOTHER AMERICAN PEERESS-ELECT:
MISS FLORENCE PADELFORD.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

popular Anglo-American hostesses in the smart world. Miss Padelford is exceptionally tall, and fulfils what may be called the ideal of the "Gibson Girl" type. She is an exceptionally fine dancer, and a brilliant, amusing talker. She shares her step-father's enthusiasm for motor-cars, and when Mr. and Mrs. Cunard stay at the beautiful old house, Red Rice, formerly the early home of Mrs. Fitzherbert, she is often met motoring through the more lonely stretches of lovely Hampshire.

Food Fads and the Schoolboy. The Duchess of Portland, in giving a vegetarian luncheon to a crowd of famous folk, doubtless inaugurated a fashion, and we may yet see London dowered with a number of ultra-smart restaurants catering only for the vegetarian, and, if one may use such an expression, "the food crank." At the present moment the International Congress on School Hygiene is meeting in

ANOTHER elder son, and he an exceedingly important one, has become engaged to an American lady. In a short time Captain Robert Grosvenor, son and heir to Lord Ebury, cousin of the Duke of Westminster, and brother-in-law to the future Lord Wimborne, will marry Miss Florence Padelford, the daughter of Mrs. Ernest Cunard, one of the most

his mother, a sister of the third Duke of Wellington, he is descended from the famous soldier who is, perhaps, from a patriotic point of view, the greatest of Ireland's sons. Lord HolmPatrick is curiously lacking in near male relations, and it may be hoped that he will

soon marry and perpetuate his line. He has four sisters, two of whom are married, and two of whom live with him and his mother at Abbotstown.



AN IRISH PEER WHO COMES OF AGE TO-MORROW: LORD HOLMPATRICK.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.



A CRIMINAL-MEASURING METHOD APPLIED TO CHINESE IMMIGRANTS: A NEW ARRIVAL AT SAIGON BEING "BERTILLONISED."

Chinese immigrants are measured by the Bertillon system on their arrival at Saigon. This is much resented, especially as criminals are registered by the same method.

London, and all sorts of important people, headed by Lady Londonderry, have put off their departure from town in order to entertain the scholastic pundits, their wives and daughters. The question of how the schoolboy should be fed has not had half the attention it deserves, and it is one of the subjects which has seriously occupied the working hours of the Congress. The present Head Master of Eton is a vegetarian, but so far he has not sought to convert to his views any of the stalwart lads to whom he stands in so dignified a relation.

A Peer's Coming-of-Age. It is pleasant to hear of an Irish peer living on his own Irish estates, and celebrating there with old-fashioned pomp and ceremony his coming-of-age. Not only Abbotstown, but in a sense all Dublin, will join to-morrow (8th) in wishing good luck to young Lord HolmPatrick, whose delightful estate is close to Phoenix Park and the Viceregal Lodge, and so almost within a walk of the Irish capital. Lord HolmPatrick was not so very long ago one of the peer Etonians. Through

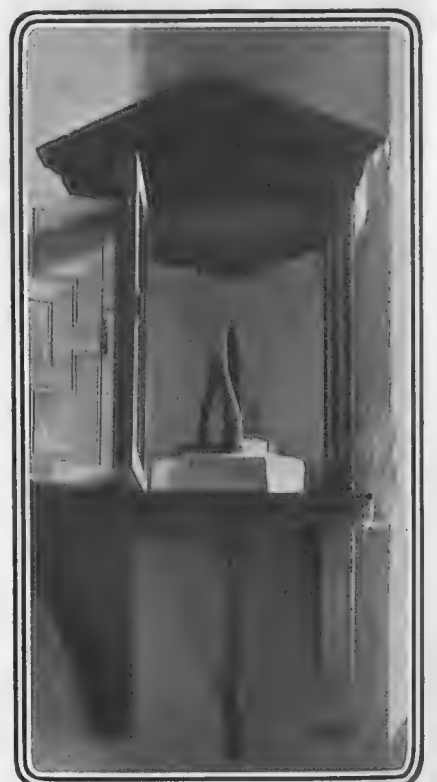
Lady Bradford, being an intimate friend of the Princess of Wales, to whom she has acted as Extra Lady of the Bedchamber.

A Question of Law-Court Costume. It has become the fashion lately, when a new play is produced, for the papers to publish, in addition to the ordinary critique, a special article on the dresses worn by the actresses. That is of more importance to the ladies than any criticism of the play. The idea is extending. The latest thing is a minute description of the costume worn by witnesses in a *cause célèbre*, and—the costumes worn by the female prisoners in the dock. The details given of the dresses of "Chicago May" and the "Kennel Maid" were most minute, though drawn by the hands of mere men. Well, costume is of vast importance in a court of law. Judges would not admit it; juries are never supposed to guess it; but lawyers know, and are as careful about what their fair clients shall wear as about the lines on which their case shall be fought.



A WALL BUILT ROUND A TREE: A CURIOUS METHOD OF PRESERVING A FINE OLD WILLOW.

In order that the old tree, regarded as a very fine specimen, might not be damaged, the wall was built with a hole for one of the branches, in the manner shown. Special attention was also paid to the healing of a scar made by the breaking off of a limb.



IN USE WHEN WOMEN WERE MUZZLED: THE GOSSIPS' BRIDLE IN WALTON-ON-THAMES CHURCH.

The bridle, once of bright steel, is now much rusted. In front can be seen the opening through which the wearer's nose was thrust. The gossip's tongue was held down by a flat piece of steel about two inches long and one broad.

Photograph by Brunell.

SERENE HIGHNESS AND ADMIRAL.



H.S.H. REAR-ADMIRAL PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, SECOND-IN-COMMAND
OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.

The Prince, who took up his present position early this year with the acting rank of Vice-Admiral, is personal Naval Aide-de-Camp to the King. He entered the Navy in October 1868, became sub-Lieutenant in 1874, Lieutenant in 1876, Commander in 1885, Captain in 1891, and Rear-Admiral in July 1904. He became a naturalised Englishman when still a boy.—[*Photograph by Histed.*]



LADY SOPHIE SCOTT.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

of the comparative freedom and ease of the life enjoyed by their Majesties during what has come to be known as the Cowes Fortnight, that the Queen at the present moment dispenses with the attendance of a lady-in-waiting, though she is, of course, accompanied at Cowes, as everywhere, by her devoted friend and servant, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys. Not so very long ago even the greatest of monarchs, the busiest of statesmen, and the most absorbed of financiers could hope to enjoy a complete holiday when on the sea, but now, thanks to wireless telegraphy and to the ubiquitous telephone, no one can hope to be really cut off from the land for long, and when the Court is at sea our King keeps in constant touch with everything that is going on, not only at home, but abroad, not only in the capital, but all over Greater Britain.

EVEN when living on board the royal yacht, the King and Queen are sur-

rounded by very considerable ceremonial, but it is significant

Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. More than one Dowager Duchess has been married three

times—indeed, the strawberry-leaves and frequent matrimony seem



THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN THE UNITED KINGDOM: UPLEATHAM CHURCH, YORKSHIRE, WHICH IS OVER NINE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Photograph by Frith.

MARY, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Photograph by Keturah Collings

synonymous terms. Of those ducal ladies who retain their titles by courtesy few have had a more interesting life than Mary, Duchess of Sutherland. As the pretty daughter of the Rev. Richard Michell, Principal of Hertford College, Oxford, the future Duchess was one of the most popular girls in the Oxford of thirty years ago. She then married a distinguished Anglo-Indian, Mr. Arthur Blair, and being a widow after a few years of married life, she became the second wife of the late Duke of Sutherland. Not long ago the Duchess had the very disagreeable experience of having some of her jewels stolen by a servant whom she had considered entirely trustworthy.

Many people will remember the story of the little girl who made a playfellow of a snake, with which

A Child who Plays with Snakes.

Lady Sophie Scott.

Lady Sophie Scott has always been a favourite younger friend of the King and Queen, who have known her from her

she used to share her meals of bread-and-milk, to the surprise and anxiety of her parents when the strange companionship was discovered. She would



THE THREE-DECKER PULPIT AT DOWNHAM CHURCH, LANCASHIRE—ONE OF THE FEW NOW IN EXISTENCE.

The arrangement is now obsolete. The three decks were the pulpit, the reading-desk, and the clerk's desk.

Photograph by Knowles.

childhood, and have now transferred to her and her sister, Lady Lurgan, the great affection they felt for their mother, the late Lady Cadogan. From her mother, who was one of the celebrated Ladies Craven, Lady Sophie inherits her keen love of sport, and since Sir Samuel Scott became connected with the Turf she has become an important racing hostess. Although Lady Sophie affects a neat and very simple style of dressing, she owns perhaps the most magnificent jewels, as considered apart from historical heirlooms, of any of her contemporaries. On her marriage her mother-in-law, Lady Farquhar, presented her with a set of diamonds and sapphires, which included an all-round crown, a necklace, two bracelets, an immense star, and two brooches which had been meant for earrings, but proved far too large to be worn in that form.



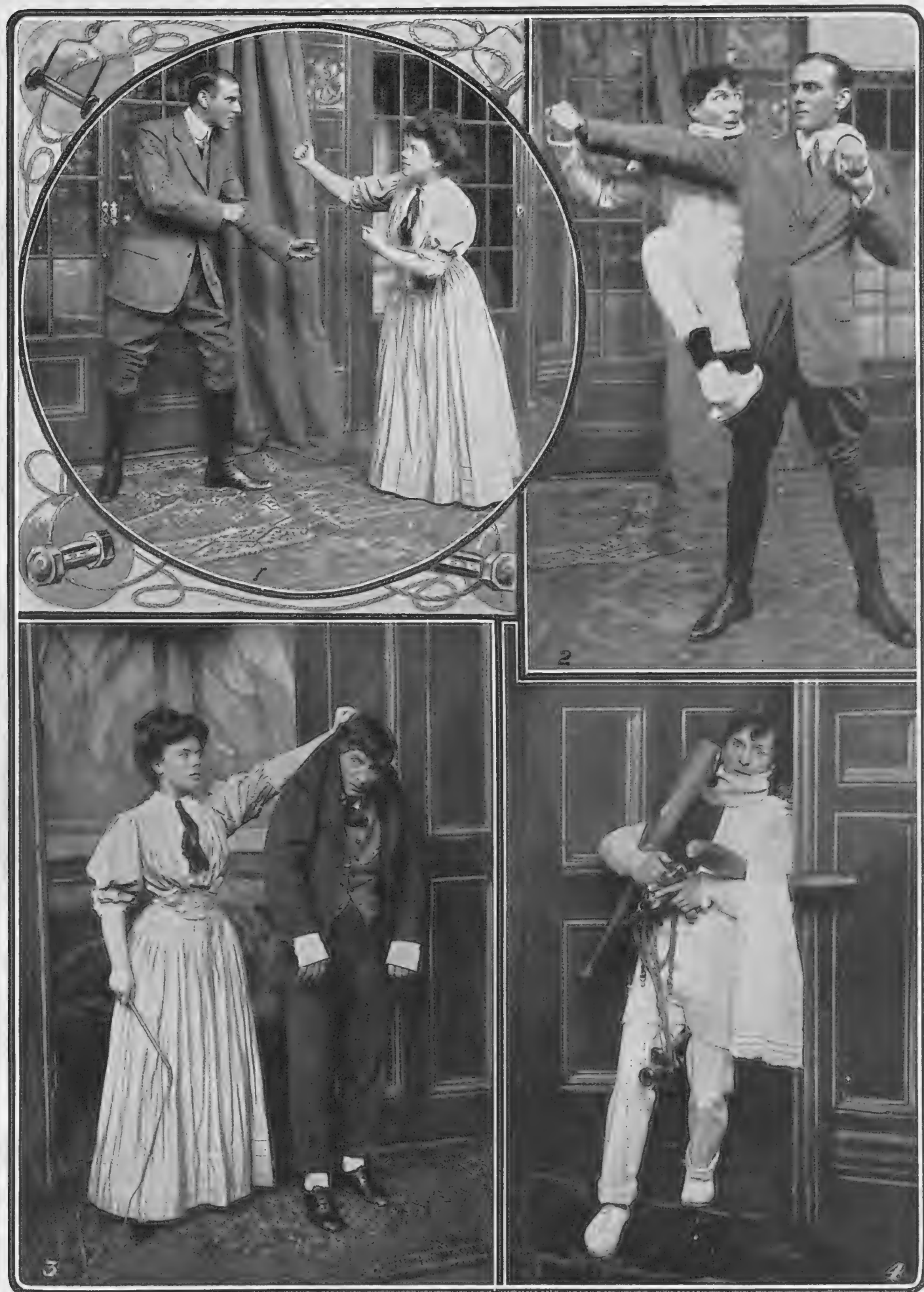
A FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO PLAYS WITH SNAKES: MISS GLADYS DITMARS WITH ONE OF HER STRANGE PETS.



A TRAM WITH A COMPARTMENT FOR LADIES ONLY: A TRAMCAR IN TEHERAN, SHOWING THE SHUTTERED COMPARTMENT FOR WOMEN.

almost seem to be reincarnated in the person of little Gladys Ditmars, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the reptile-house of the New York Zoological Park. She and her younger sister, Beatrice, aged two, disdain the ordinary toys of childhood in favour of snakes, and the two often play with these reptiles by the hour together, rocking them to sleep as though they were kittens. While all snakes attract them equally, Gladys's chief pet is a big ten-foot creature, which she has named "Indigo," by reason of its dark-blue colour. She sits for hours with this huge reptile wound about her, and sings it to sleep as she sits in her little rocking-chair. Mr. Ditmars has taught his little daughter how to unwind the snake's coils, beginning at the tail instead of at the head, so that there is no danger of any undue pressure being exerted on the child. Indigo has been in Mr. Ditmar's possession for fifteen years.

A STRENUOUS FARCE: "THE POCKET MISS HERCULES,"
AT THE NEW ROYALTY.



1. DAISY FAYE (MISS ESMÉ HUBBARD) KEEPS UP HER CHARACTER AS SAMSONIA, THE STRONG WOMAN, BY "PUTTING THEM UP" TO DICK POWER (MR. NORMAN TREVOR).

2. THE HON. FERDINAND FALAROPE (MR. FRED WRIGHT JUN.) GETS INTO TRAINING FOR HIS MEETING WITH SAMSONIA BY A LITTLE JU-JITSU WITH DICK POWER.

3. DAISY FAYE READS THE HON. FERDINAND FALAROPE A LESSON BY PRETENDING TO HORSEWHIP HIM.

4. THE HON. FERDINAND FALAROPE IN TRAINING FOR HIS BETROTHAL TO DAISY FAYE.

Lord Dyderdown wishes his son Ferdinand to marry his cousin, Daisy Faye, who has inherited a large fortune. Daisy has been a dressmaker, but, in order to conceal her previous calling, she causes a report to be spread that she was Samsonia, a strong woman. In her keeping up of this character lies much of the fun of the play.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

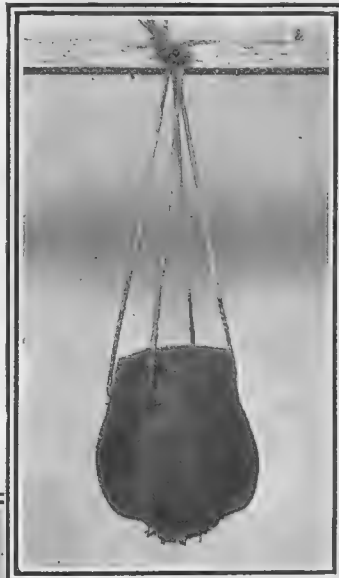
A New Matinée Hat.

At a popular theatre last Saturday the greatest success of a matinée performance was neither the play nor the players, but a hat that was not a hat, a bonnet that was not a bonnet. It was an abbreviated edition of the old poke-bonnet, and made of muslin and lace, and looked suspiciously like a cousin, once removed, to the daintiest imaginable nightcap of the Pickwick era. It effectively served several purposes. It set off a pretty face, and did not wholly hide the witching ringlets of the wearer. It served to keep the hair in place; it kept the draught from the lady's head. It made the young lady the cynosure of all eyes when the lights were up—and that, presumably, is part of the duty of a pretty theatre-hat. Best of all, it obstructed no man's view of the play. It was quite the "hit" of the afternoon, and doubled the value of the stalls behind it.

The Parliamentary "D." Parliament put its hands to its offended ears the other day when a member complained of "damnable iteration"; but withdrew them, relieved, when assured that the term was employed only in the Shakespearean sense.

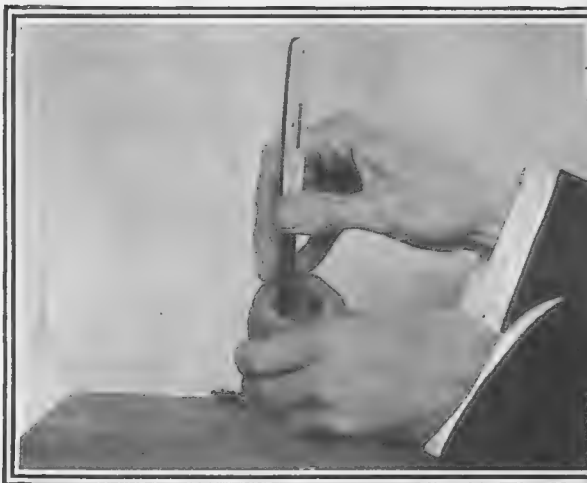
covered with a flag and pots of porter, he was brought before them with a halter about his neck and bound hand and foot. They were very anxious to hang him, but as he was a lusty fellow, they would rather have had him join them. He refused. They gave him one last chance of life on these terms. "Will you join us?" they asked. "No," he said. "Hang away, and be d—d. God save the King." The imprecation saved him where prayers and supplications would have been in vain. Here was a fellow after their own hearts, and the hard-swearing, hard-drinking ruffians set him at liberty with something like a blessing.

THE TOP PART OF THE CARROT IS SCOOPED OUT, PIERCED FOR STRING, AND HUNG UP IN THIS FASHION.



Safe Bind, Safe Find.

One of the advantages claimed for the great revolving platform by means of which New York hopes to solve its traffic problem is that it would be practically impossible for passengers to fall off the contrivance. But that makes no allowance for the aptitude in the matter of falling which some travellers betray. People fall off—and on—platforms which are stationary, in spite of evidence to the contrary which many will give at a moment's notice. There is said to be a special providence for people such as these. Nothing is



SCOOPING OUT THE CARROT.

There are men still in the House who have shuddered—it is to be hoped—to hear the big "D" sounded without so august a warranty for its respectability. Mr. Biggar was accused of having described Mr. Milbank as a — fool; and almost won forgiveness by the readiness with which he assured the House that he had not had time to form an opinion as to whether or not the term suited the offended member. Palmerston was less equivocal when the Trent affair had set fire to the heather. He stamped into a Cabinet Council, banged his hat on the table, and vehemently declared, "I don't know whether you are going to stand this, but I'll be d—d if I do." They didn't. The next mail-boat which left England for America bore with it an ultimatum emphatic enough without the decorative "D."

A Providential Defiance.

The use of the word has not always proved a sin in-expiable. Whatever may have been its effect upon his soul, it certainly saved the life of one man. That man was the D'Esterre with whose career readers of O'Connell's biography are familiar. At the time of the mutiny at the Nore, D'Esterre, as Irish as the Belfast policemen who have been on strike, was a lieutenant on the ship of the ringleader of the business. He was particularly obnoxious to the crew because of his unswerving loyalty. So while the self-constituted judges sat round a table

IF THE CARROT IS HUNG UP AND KEPT WELL SUPPLIED WITH WATER, IT WILL SHOOT OUT IN THE MANNER SHOWN.

THE CARROT AS AN ORNA- MENT FOR THE HOUSE.

Photographs by S. Leonard Bastin.



PIERCING THE CARROT FOR STRING.

said, however, for those who entrust their lives to the care of such a fellow as one who runs a ferry over a certain tidal river at a popular watering-place. The boat rocked horribly in mid-stream the other day, and someone remarked upon it. "Oh, this boat has often safely carried twelve," said Charon; not noticing as he tugged at his oars that his passengers at the time numbered seventeen. He must be related to that Irishman who, rowing a boat-load of people during rough weather on an Irish lake, answered the query as to whether people were ever lost there, "Oh, no, not lost. My brother was drowned here last week, but, sure, we found him next day."

The Much in Little.

The Bishop of Truro has been explaining the difference between Socialism and Christian Socialism. The former says, "What is yours is mine." The other declares, "What is mine is yours." Mr. Grayson, M.P., might offer a different definition. *Punch* perceived a slight deficiency in the programme of the first-named party some little time ago. It was set forth in the excellent *Star*—which was a spelling reformer before President Roosevelt set foot in ways in which Sir Isaac Pitman would have had him walk—it was set forth in that journal as the "Labor Program." And *Punch* was grieved. "The 'Labor Program,'" he complained, "omits U and Me."

HOLIDAY BOUNDERS.—No. I.



THE PARADERS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THOUGH history has a habit of repeating itself, it is certain that during his engagement in "The Eighteenth Century," at the St. James's Theatre, one episode in the career of Mr. E. M. Robson will not recur. It happened in the days when the popular comedian was playing in a stock company in the provinces. He and a comrade were the two old-fashioned comedians of a true old-fashioned melodrama, and had just finished their one and only scene in the act when there came a not unusual hitch. "What is the matter?" asked the manager. "They ought to change the scene," replied Mr. Robson; "then you go on and have your scene with the leading lady." "Non-sense," returned the manager, "we have done that long ago." "Then you've done it in the wrong place," explained Mr. Robson. "Well," said the manager, "we can't do it all over again. You'd better go on and do something." "But I can't," replied the comedian. "I've just come off with

parts were full of good jokes, the audience perceived the humour of the situation, and laughed as heartily as it had done only a few minutes before, when they had heard the lines for the first time.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Wright," she said. "I was so delighted with your sweet little play. I shall never forget it. It made a great impression on me, that dear little play called the er—er—er—'The Pair of Socks.'"

That an author should be identified with his own play, even under another name, is something which does not always happen. On one occasion, a lady and gentleman sat next to the writer of "Heard in the Green-Room" at the St. James's Theatre. "Do you know who wrote the play?" asked the lady of her companion. He shook his head. "I haven't the slightest idea," he answered blandly. "Oh, I suppose it's Pinero," she returned. "He always writes the plays here." "Give me the programme, and I'll look," said the gentleman. He looked. "No, it isn't Pinero; it's Henry Arthur Jones." "Is it?" she answered sweetly. "I never know the difference between them."



AS GEORGE ROBNEY.

So-and-So." The manager shrugged his shoulders. "What does that matter? Go on again, and we'll ring down the curtain."

Without giving Mr. Robson a further chance of expostulating, the manager seized him by the nape of the neck with one hand, and taking a firm grip of him lower down with the other, threw him on to the stage. The audience received his entrance with a shout of approval, which was as delightful a tribute to his popularity as it must have been flattering to his *amour propre*. In spite of a well-known injunction never to repeat an effect, the manager proceeded to treat the other comedian in exactly the same way. On the stage Mr. Robson and his confrère stood for a moment looking at each other, and wondering what they should do. Their hesitation, however, lasted only for a moment, and they came to a decision without obvious delay. They repeated their former scene, and as some good jokes cannot be too often told, and their



AS HARRY LAUDER.

AN IMITATOR WHO OBJECTS TO IMITATION: MR. HARRY TATE AS SOME WELL-KNOWN BROTHER COMEDIANS.

Mr. Harry Tate had occasion the other day to complain that his sketch "Motoring" had been infringed, and he won his case. Mr. Tate is now famous as a sketch artist, but not so very long ago he was best known as an imitator, and a very excellent imitator.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



AS GUS ELEN.

Some little while ago Mr. Fred Wright junior, who has made so great a success in "The Pocket Miss Hercules" at the New Royalty, had a little play produced in London, called "The Empty Stocking." He was at an "At Home" one day when a lady went up to him, and in a very gushing manner began to talk about the play.



AS R. G. KNOWLES.

During the last season, when a certain one-act play was being played at one of the West-End theatres a brother of the author was visiting London from abroad. So, too, were a cousin and his wife, who were enthusiasts about the theatre. They saw the play, and when next they met the author's brother, they asked if he had yet been to the theatre in question. "No," he replied. "Well, when you go," they replied, "make a point of being there for the first piece, for it's the best curtain-raiser we've seen since we've been in England, and you'll be sorry if you miss it."

The author's brother smiled and asked if they knew whose play it was. "Great heavens, no!" they said with one breath. "We never trouble our heads to look at the names of the people who write the plays." Their amazement was great when they learnt that it was a play of their cousin, with whom they were on intimate terms, and in whose work they had always been greatly interested.

"HE'S LEFT A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS BEHIND HIM."



MOTORIST: I saw a dwawing in "The Sketch" by a chap called Stampa of a Johnnie in a motaw and a whole stwing of animals and things on the gground behind he'd run over. Suppose the fellar thought it funny—but it doesn't weally happen, you know!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the most interesting literary announcements of the season is chanced upon in Mr. Edmund Gosse's notes on the latest volumes of the "Pentland Edition" of Robert Louis Stevenson. It runs thus—

Mrs. Stevenson has been told, on what she believes to be good native authority, that the Queen [of Hawaii] kept notes in her diary of all that Stevenson said in their daily conversations, and that after her death this interesting manuscript will be published.

It does not often befall a commoner to have a queen report his casual sayings; but queens have not always Stevensons to talk with them. Long live this "true-blue" Stevenson queen, even though we must wait even as long for the diary! But why should a queen in Hawaii show such delicacy about publishing in her lifetime? Let her come to Europe to be hide-hardened!

It is a comforting thought that German research work, so portentously accurate as a rule, can err. Dr. Otto Zippel, of Greiz, has erred fundamentally. If he wished to edit an English poet, and to give a firework—a day-and-night firework—display of patience and industry, he should not have chosen James Thomson, of "The Seasons," for his poet. What readers of Thomson there may be are more than content with one text of his poem. It is not trippingly read in any form, but why Dr. Zippel should make us stumble over a variorum version, in which all the alterations of all the editions, along with all the unprinted variations for the British Museum manuscript, are to be given in full, is not to be understood by a mere Englishman. We understand that there is such a prodigality of variants in the "Summer" that he was obliged to reproduce in full two texts, and will probably perforce give a third. Was there a double-faced summer, then, like this year's in Thomson's time? Dr. Zippel must have now wasted many years of his life upon Thomson, and has already published "Entstehungs und Entwicklungsgeschichte Von Thomsons 'Winter.'" A German publisher has been found, and Mr. Gosse, we gather incidentally, impatiently awaits his copy!

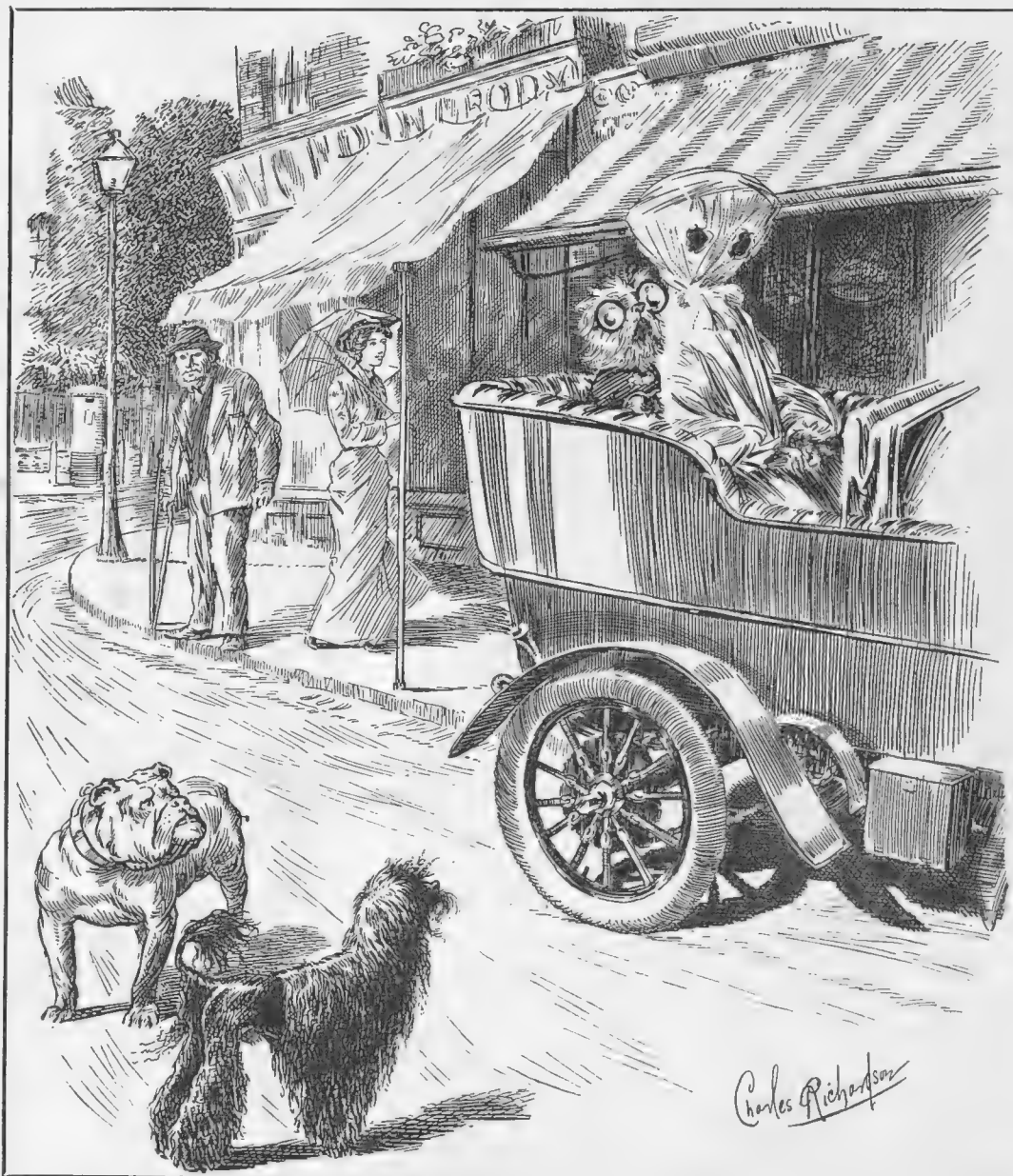
Thomson has long shared, in a minor degree, with Byron and Scott a certain reputation among Continental readers, to whom the more "poetical poetry" of England is a sealed book. Nor have his poems gone wholly out of vogue among English readers, as the *Academy* a few years ago hinted was the case. Mr. Hugh Chisholm wrote a letter which had the value of a personally recorded experience, but the passages he quoted to prove Thomson's right

to a place on the roll of great English poets might well have been claimed as proving the direct opposite by modern critics in general. But an unexpected tribute to Thomson's currency came in my way only the other evening, and was supplied by—a London gymnasium. At the end of the hall, through a vista of ropes and pulleys, I saw some writing on the wall. It was painted up in large characters, and was a eulogy of health as the soul of bliss and of exercise as the soul of health. The author's name was appended—it was Thomson. Dr. Zippel, reading this, will, of course, pay a visit to Captain Chiosso's gymnasium in Westbourne Grove.

There will probably be one novelist-motorist the less since Mrs. C. N. Williamson, whose hand helped to write "The Car of Destiny," has had the unhappiness to own a car which knocked down and killed a Wimbledon lady—a car of destiny indeed. Statistics are yet wanted to show the effect of accidents on motorists themselves—we know only the effects on the victim. Years ago I saw in a provincial paper a headline: "Sad Accident to a Young Gentleman," and found it covered the case of a Squire's son who had accidentally—shot dead a maid-servant. That headline moved me to mirth, which I now somewhat reconsider; for, where the fun of one person causes the death of another there are surely two victims—one living and one dead. Mrs. Browning could not endure to look at the sea after her brother's drowning, and there was once a

rebel reprieved after the halter was round his neck who would never henceforth wear a neck-tie. It is even more difficult to conceive that the motorist who has had the misfortune to kill a fellow-creature, though by no fault of his own, should ever feel happy in his car again.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has nearly lost count of the myriads of books he has written, plies a chisel as well as a pen, and he has just modelled a sitting figure of Laurence Sterne after Sir Joshua's well-known portrait. "Sterne is shown seated in his chair, with his hat and stick thrown carelessly on the floor, and a bundle of papers on his knee. It is really not an unsuccessful presentment." That is the candid opinion of a seasoned art-critic writing to the *Athenaeum*—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald himself. The writers of art-criticism often baffle the mere layman; and I am a little puzzled here, among other things, by the critic's power to "discover that the hat and stick of Poor Yorick were thrown carelessly, instead of carefully, on the floor. Perhaps he did not discover, but only knew it; and there's the advantage of being sculptor and critic in one.—M. E.



POT AND KETTLE.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel as ithers see us.

It wud frae mony a blunder free us
An' foolish notion.

DRAWN BY CHARLES RICHARDSON.

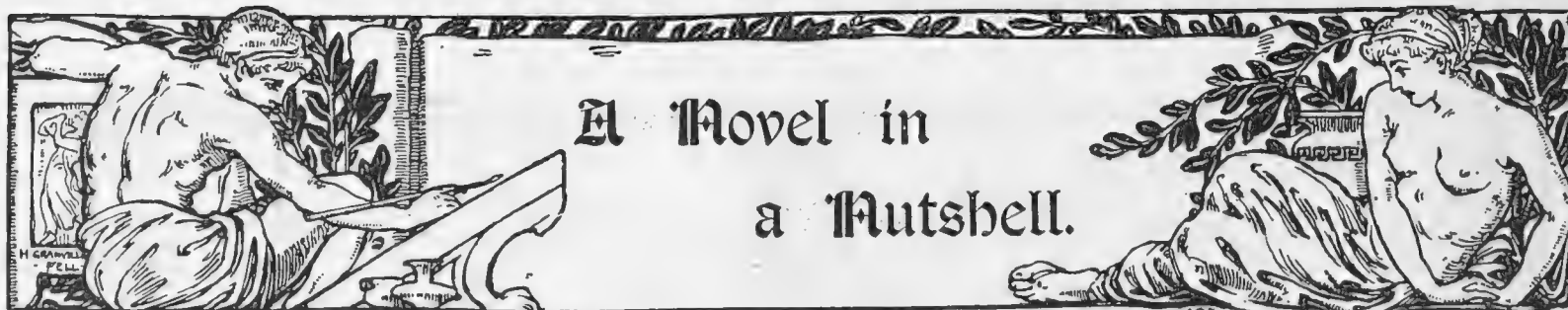
HOW COULD HE KNOW?



THE VISITOR: Can you tell me, my little man, if this is Paddiequack Green?

THE RESIDENT: I pain't rightly sure, maister; I've only been here since Wissuntide!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

A STRANGE CRAFT.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

A WELL-KNOWN novelist, who had lately returned from a visit to the United States, was sitting with me on the Brighton pier, undergoing the usual afternoon music. He had been speaking of the curious geographical names that he had found in America. "There are your rivers," he remarked, as the music temporarily ceased. "Where in the world you get the names you give them I can't imagine. For instance, I believe you have a river called the 'Tombigbee.' Isn't it so?"

A man who was occupying the next chair but one to me, and was an obvious American, suddenly turned and said, "I should rather guess there is a Tombigbee River. Why, it was down that identical river that I made a cruise aboard the queerest craft that was ever heard of. I'd be safe in betting fifty dollars that you couldn't guess what that craft was."

"It is far too hot to guess," I replied. "Suppose you tell us what it was?"

That particular craft (said the man slowly) was nothing more nor less than a fat man, with a displacement of about three hundred and fifty pounds. He was wearing a Boyton suit. You don't know what that was? Well, it was a life-saving suit, invented by a man of the name of Boyton. It was made of india-rubber, and was about twice too large for the man who wore it. Boyton used to get into it, and when it was fastened around his neck and wrists and ankles, so as to make it water-tight, he would blow it up with an air-pump and then lie down on his back in the water and paddle himself along with a double-bladed paddle. He carried a waterproof knapsack on his breast, filled with provisions and tobacco and such, and he cruised the whole length of the Mississippi, besides coming over here to Europe and tackling some of your little rivers. His idea was to advertise his invention as a life-preserver, but it didn't catch on. A few people, mostly cranks, bought Boyton suits and experimented with them, but that was all the invention ever came to.

About the time that Boyton brought out his life-preserving suit I was left on the beach high and dry in Mobile, through having had to go into the hospital with the fever, and so losing my berth as mate of the *Huntress*, a big ship that was in the Liverpool cotton trade. When I got better I calculated to stay ashore for a while and visit an old chum of mine, who lived about thirty miles up the Tombigbee River. I hadn't seen him since we ran away from the same town when we were boys, and went to sea in a West India fruit-schooner. He had swallowed his anchor and given up going to sea, but we didn't forget one another, and every year or two I would get a letter from him. At the time I made up my mind to go and see him, he was living all alone in a cabin on the bank of the river, depending on his gun and his fishing-rod to keep him in food. I met a man in Mobile—the bar-keeper of the Excelsior saloon, perhaps one of you gentlemen may know him—and he told me that old Johnson, meaning my friend, was a decent sort of chap, though he was a first-class crank.

Well, I hunted up Johnson, and I was mighty glad to see me, and talk over old times. He had grown to be enormously fat, and he looked, as most fat men do look, to be everlastingly good-tempered. But appearances are likely to be deceitful where fat men are concerned, and old Johnson was, as a matter of fact, as bad-tempered as they make them when things didn't happen to suit him. I reckoned to stop with him for a week or two and do a little fishing, having always been fond of fishing as a sport, though when it comes to cod-fishing on the Banks, or whale-fishing in the Arctic, excuse me.

The morning after I came to Johnson's cabin he brought out a Boyton suit and explained it to me. He said it was the biggest invention of the age, and that everybody who went to sea in any capacity ought to take one with him, to use in case of shipwreck. I tried to tell him the thing would never be of any practical use; but he got pretty warm wrangling over the matter, and finally said

that he would put the suit on then and there, and show me what he could do with it.

It was a cloudy day, and looked as if it was going to rain. I got my fishing-rod, and laid in some sandwiches, and a flask, and a box of bait, and started for the river. Johnson came along with me, carrying his Boyton suit and paddle on his shoulder, and his knapsack of grub in his hand. When we got down to the river he undressed and climbed into his rubber suit, and I lent him a hand to make it properly fast and to blow it up. He was a sight when he was ready to get into the water, for he looked about twice as big as he really was. He had just stepped into the water, and was telling me to hand him his paddle, when the river came down.

You don't know what that means? Well! It means that somewhere up in the mountains there had been a cloud-burst, and it had made a tremendous freshet in the river, which swept us both off our feet. The water came down like a wall, and when it struck Johnson it dragged him away as if he had been a pine-chip. I tried to hang on to him, but I was pulled beyond my depth, and, as I couldn't swim a stroke, I should have been drowned if I hadn't hung on to his leg. We went tearing down the river at about fifteen knots an hour, Johnson howling for his paddle, which I hadn't had time to give him, and me clinging to him and waiting for better times. Presently, I took in the situation, and, foreseeing that it might be some time before we could get ashore, I climbed up on Johnson and sat down comfortably on his quarterdeck.

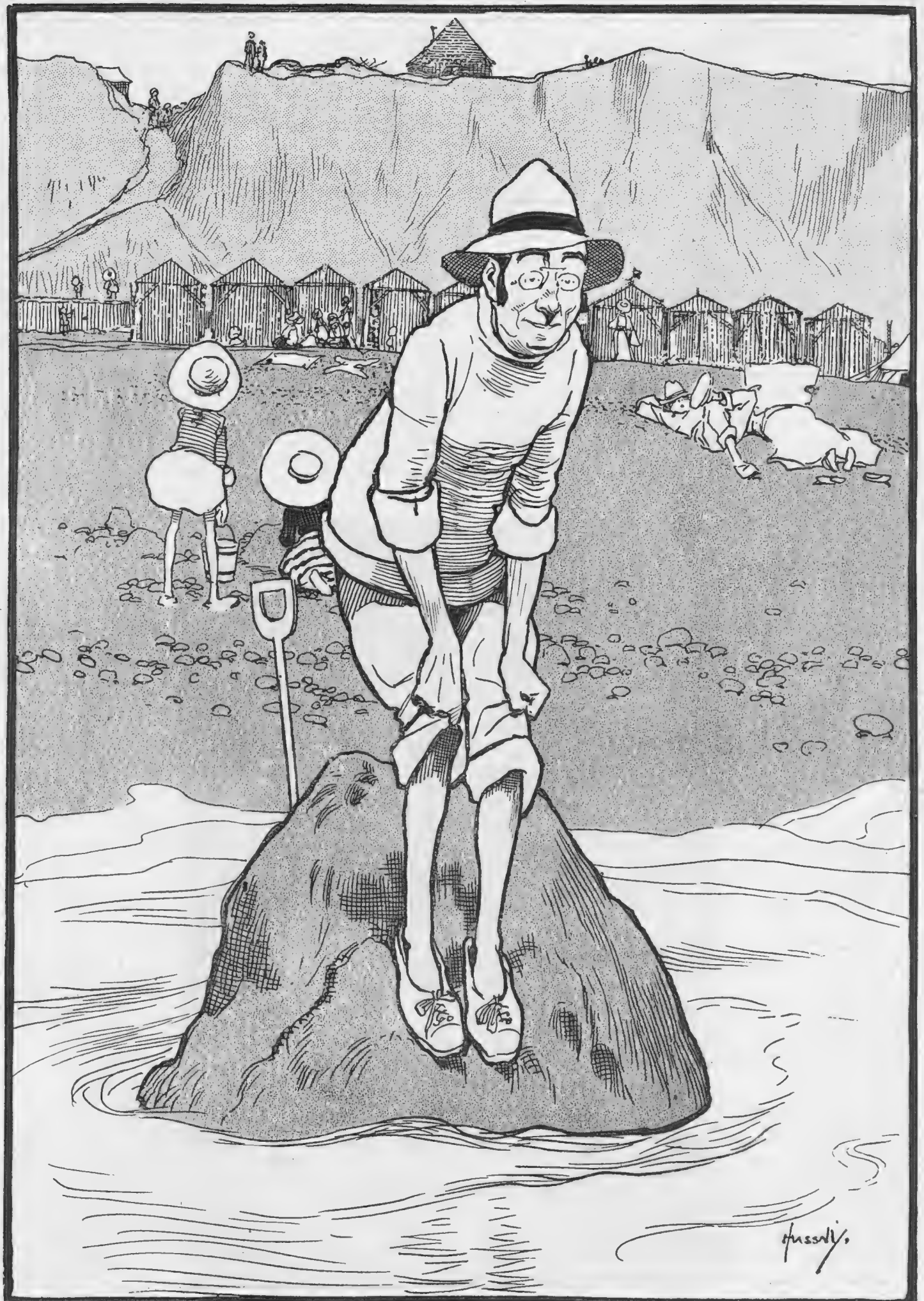
There are few settlements on that part of the Tombigbee. We went sailing along between miles of forest and canebrake, and keeping right in the middle of the stream, which was by this time a good three-quarters of a mile wide. Considerable driftwood was coming down, and I kept a bright look-out for a bit of timber that would do for a paddle, but none came my way. I tried to paddle a bit with my fishing-rod, which I had held on to when the freshet struck us, but it wasn't of any use, and so I gave up trying to navigate Johnson, and just let him drift with the current.

About two hours after we started it came on to rain, and grew that dark that I couldn't see the shore. It rained all day, and I never once sighted a house or a human being. Johnson didn't mind the rain, for it couldn't wet him in his waterproof dress, but occasionally when a big drop hit him in the eye he would grumble a little. Luckily, my flask was full, and the bit of luncheon that I had taken with me when I started out was in a tin-box and was fairly dry. So was my tobacco, which was in an indiarubber pouch. Johnson had a lot of provisions in his knapsack, beside matches and a lantern—though he had not brought any oil with him—and he had a big flask of water. So you see we were fairly well supplied for a short cruise. All the same, not knowing how long it might be before we could make a landing, I put Johnson and myself on short allowance at once. We made a supper of bread and ham, washed down with a little whisky-and-water, after which I managed to have a smoke, by keeping my pipe under the lee of my hat-brim. It was very comforting, but Johnson showed what a cantankerous chap he really was by growling at me because he couldn't smoke himself. I told him that the water that kept washing over his face every little while would put any pipe out, and that he ought to watch me and take what comfort he could in the reflection that I was able to smoke. Somehow, that didn't seem to comfort him, and, considering that I was in the position of his commanding officer, I thought that his language was both mutinous and disgraceful.

All that night we floated down the river. I didn't like our not having any lights, and I told Johnson that, as an old sailor, he ought to have known better than to start on a cruise without his red and green lights; but he said unpleasant things, and I quit talking to him. I got a little sleep by clasping my legs tight under Johnson's arms, but I was mightily afraid that I would lose my balance and fall overboard, Johnson's deck being as round as a turtle-back. At daybreak the rain had stopped, and I found that we were in the Gulf of Mexico, clean out of sight of land. However, that didn't

[Continued overleaf.]

DEAR OLD DAD!



PATERFAMILIAS (K.C.) writes: "I cannot understand why, but nothing seems to amuse and delight the children at the seaside so much as to make a mound of sand and then stand on it till surrounded by the sea."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

scare me, for I knew I could get a general idea of the points of the compass from the sun, and there wasn't any sea running, only a gentle swell that didn't so much as wash Johnson's face.

After breakfast I tried paddling again, but Johnson was so heavy that I might as well have tried to paddle him with a lead-pencil as with that fishing-rod. So I filled my pipe again, and calculated to wait for the sea-breeze to set in from the southward. Johnson was tired and cross. He said I had no right to board him without an invitation, and that it was his orders that I should get back to the coast at once. I told him that it wasn't his place to give me orders while I was in charge of the deck, and that he ought to be thankful that he had a good navigator and able seaman aboard. But argument wasn't of any use, and I finally had to threaten to cut off his allowance of whisky if he indulged in any more mutinous language.

Johnson's deck wasn't by any means a comfortable place. I couldn't stand up on it, and my feet and legs were continually in the water half-way up to my knees. I never knew the sun to be hotter than it was that morning; but soon after seven o'clock the sea-breeze sprang up, and not only made the heat endurable, but all at once gave me hopes that Johnson would gradually drift in towards the shore.

All at once an idea struck me. I cut off the upper part of my fishing-rod and lashed the two pieces together, so as to make a mast and boom. Then I took off my shirt and bent it on to the rod, making a sort of leg-of-mutton sail. I made Johnson hold the rod upright on his breast, and rigged a forestay and a couple of backstays to it with the rest of my fishing-line. The sail filled at once, and I put Johnson before the wind, making shift to steer by dragging my feet in the water.

I was surprised to find how well Johnson sailed, considering his model, which was clumsier than a Dutch galliot. The breeze kept on freshening, until Johnson was making a good three knots an hour. The only cause for uneasiness that I had was that, as the swell began to come in from the southward, Johnson showed a tendency to roll. I wasn't in the least afraid that he would capsize; but his deck being so round and slippery, I did have a little fear that I might be rolled overboard. I talked to him pretty straight about his foolishness in not fitting himself with bilge keels that would have prevented him from rolling, but he didn't make any reply. At first I thought he was growing sulky, but then I noticed that for the most of the time his mouth was under water, and naturally he couldn't do much talking. At first that rather pleased me, but after a while I began to feel a little lonesome. So I climbed aft till I was halfway down his legs. This, of course, brought his head out of the water, and he instantly began to abuse me for treating him with cruelty. So I went forward again, and as soon as his head dropped into the water he was quiet.

Just as an experiment, I hauled my sheet aft, and put Johnson on the port tack, but, as I suspected, it was impossible to work him to windward. He just sagged away to leeward, and didn't forge ahead a single foot. As he laid over considerably to the breeze the water flowed over his face, and I was afraid too much of it would get below. So I put him before the wind again, and once more crawled aft so as to let him get his head up and have a breathing spell. I didn't do it any too soon either, for he couldn't speak for some time on account of choking. The fact is so much water had got into him that he was

in a fair way to be water-logged. As soon as he could speak he called me every name he could lay his tongue to. A more unreasonable man I never met! I told him frankly that he ought to be proud to be handled as well as I was handling him. "The trouble with you," I said, "is that you haven't a particle of keel. You're no better than a flat-bottomed scow, and the only thing you are capable of is drifting dead before the wind. If you had given yourself a two-foot keel I could take you clean across the Gulf, and I should really have enjoyed sailing you."

"Perhaps," said Johnson, in a nasty, sneering way, "you'd have been better pleased if I'd fitted myself with a propeller."

"Now you mention it," said I, "that's exactly what you ought to have done. A two-horse-power gas-engine could have been set up on your deck, and the propeller-shaft could have been carried down between your feet. Then you would have been independent of wind and tide. Instead of that, you provided yourself with nothing but a paddle, and you didn't have sense enough to hang on to that. A man like you has no business to fool round on the water. You're a born landsman, and nothing will ever make a sailorman of you."

Johnson started in again with his objectionable language, so I crept forward and trimmed him on an even keel again, so to speak. The last thing he said before his head took the water was that as soon as we got ashore he would have me arrested for kidnapping and boat-stealing combined. That was all the gratitude he had! It made me gloomy to find that at the very time I was doing my best to bring him comfortably ashore he was insulting and threatening me.

By noon we were not more than three miles from land. Johnson was throwing up considerable spray as his head ploughed through the water, and he had to keep his mouth battened down tight. He required careful steering, for he yawed considerably, and if I had been the least bit careless he would have broached to, and carried away his spars, even if he didn't capsize. But it wasn't long before we ran into smooth water in the Bay of Mobile, and all

would have gone well if an excursion-steamer hadn't passed so near to us that in order to escape her wash I had to put my helm hard-a-port, and head directly for the beach, which was strewn with big pieces of rock. Somehow, I lost control of Johnson, and the swell catching us just when the wind was out of the sail, Johnson piled up against the rocks and struck head on. His head was completely stove in, and, as he hadn't any collision-bulkhead, the damage was fatal. I scrambled ashore, and towed Johnson along till I came to a place where I could haul him up high and dry. Then I sent a boy, who had come to see what was the matter, for a coroner, and sat down to rest.

Well, the end of it all was that a coroner held a survey of Johnson, and the jury gave a verdict that he had died from a visitation of rocks, and that I had done my duty from first to last. It was a curious sort of jury, two of the jurymen having just come from celebrating the battle of Mobile Bay, and a third jurymen being a Dago who didn't understand a word of English. I found that Johnson wasn't insured, which was just like his want of good sense, and after having buried him, I shipped aboard a deep-water barque bound for San Francisco, and tried my best to forget how ungrateful and indecent Johnson's conduct to me had been.

THE END.



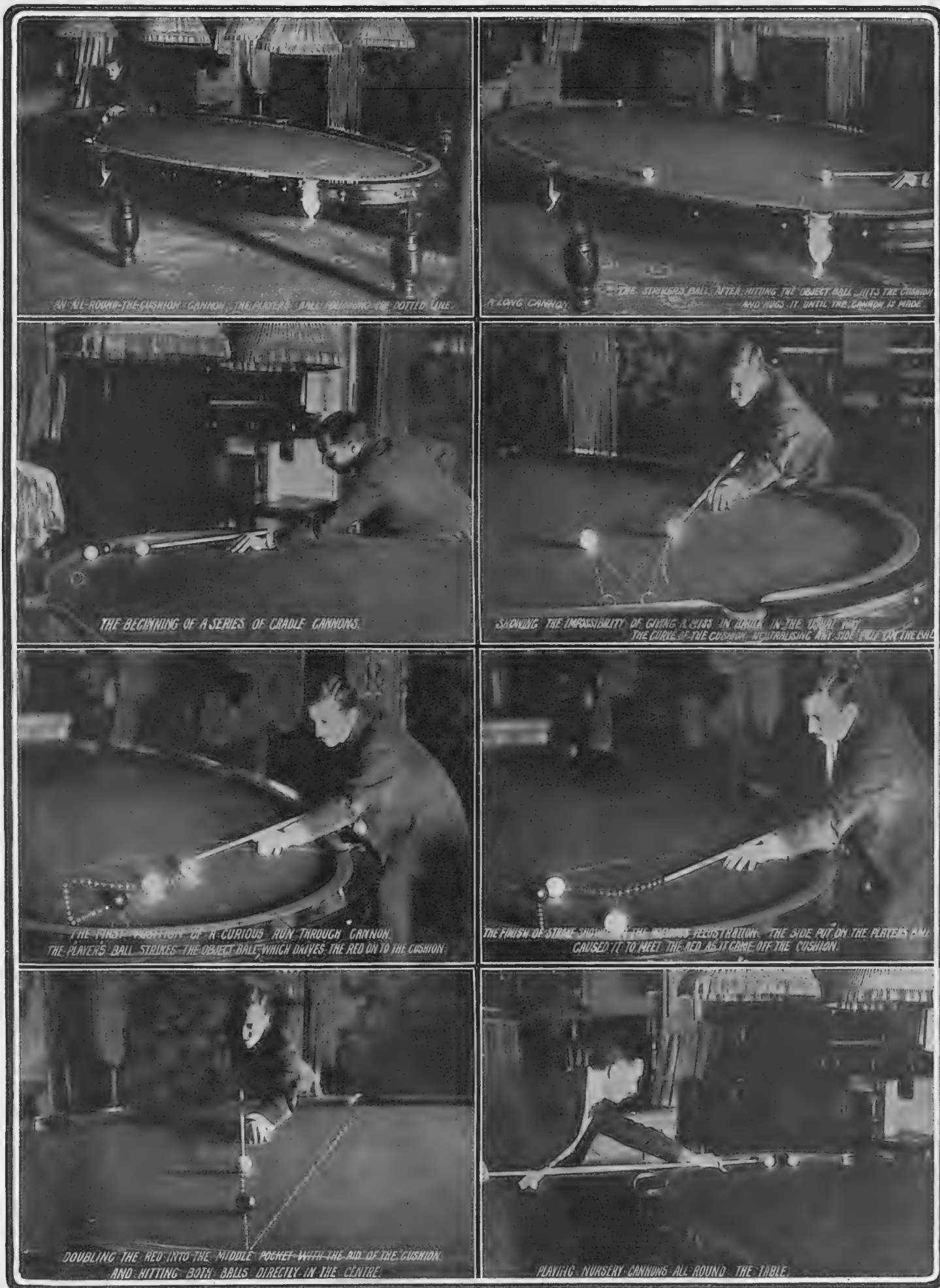
GHOSTLY AMENITIES.

THE DISCONTENTED WRAITH: Here's a nice thing for a man who has been used to natural wool next to his skin.

BILL: His FRIEND: Go along—you haven't got a skin. What you'll want soon is asbestos.

DRAWN BY R. T. COOPER.

MAKING HALF-MILLION BREAKS IMPOSSIBLE: THE OVAL BILLIARD TABLE.



SOME STROKES ON THE "CHINESE PUZZLE" FOR PROFESSIONALS.

The absurd breaks made possible by the anchor stroke, have led to the construction of an oval billiard-table. The table is twelve feet by six, and the rules of the game are those of ordinary billiards. In a recent experimental game between Diggle and Reece, the highest break made was 36. It took two hours to play 500 up. Much play takes place round the curved cushion.—[Photographs taken specially for "The Sketch" by Topical Press.]

LAND-YACHTING! A SUBSTITUTE FOR COWES.



Miss Hope.

A DRAWING-ROOM ON THE MOVE: IN AN ELABORATE CARAVAN.

It remains to be seen whether gipsying, or "land-yachting," as it has been called, will ever become really fashionable, despite the lead given by Lady Arthur Grosvenor, who has been touring the country as "Sarah Lee." Yet there are quite a number of people who go holiday-making in caravans, many of them most elaborate vehicles, as witness the one illustrated.

Photograph of the caravan by "Moderne Kunst"; Photograph of Miss Evelyn Hope by Bassano.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, who has been concerned in a *cause célèbre*, and has just started to America for a well-earned holiday, is more accustomed to acting for others than to appearing himself as a defendant. He is the second of the five sons of the great advocate Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Russell of Kiilowen, and was admitted a solicitor some twenty years ago. In appearance he resembles his famous father, having the same powerful, determined countenance, and the position he has made for himself in his profession is extraordinary—indeed, everyone agrees that the mantle of Sir George Lewis will fall on him. It is interesting, in view of his father's love of the Turf, to note that Mr. Russell is solicitor to the Jockey Club. The late Lord Russell chose Beaumont, the Roman Catholic Eton, for all his sons, and they have all done well. The eldest is a County Court Judge, another a stockbroker, another a barrister of note, and the youngest a distinguished Artillery officer.

"Robartes" and "Roberts."

seventeenth-century Barony of Robartes, members evidently thought it was spelled "Roberts," and, having in mind the gallant "Bobs," laughed consumedly. But it was Sir Richard Robartes, of Truro, who is said to have paid £10,000 to the favourite, Buckingham, for the peerage, apparently unwillingly, for it was later made one of the charges against the Duke of Buckingham that, knowing Robartes to be rich, he "forced him to take that title of honour, and that, in consideration thereof, he paid ten thousand pounds to the Duke's use"—a very large sum indeed in 1625. This Barony of Robartes has been extinct for more than a century and a half, and has no connection with the Victorian Barony of Robartes, now held by Viscount Clifden. It is curious, by the way, that the son of the man who is supposed to have paid £10,000 to the Duke of Buckingham was created Earl of Radnor, and this title also became extinct and has no connection with the present Lord Radnor's title.

A Royal Score.

The abdication of the Emperor of Korea continues to exercise the minds of the speculative. Now that he has leisure, what will his ex-Majesty do with it? If he had had a father like the German Emperor, or our own Prince Consort, he would follow the trade to which, as a youngster, he would have been put. That blessed refuge of the deposed denied, he must seek other methods of raising the wind whereby to supplement the retiring allowance which a more or less unthankful people wills that he shall have. If he had the same fecundity of idea which distinguished Prince Alexander of Battenberg as a schoolboy, he would make his royal relatives sit up, so to speak. That alert and royal youth ever had an eye to the main chance when corresponding with Queen Victoria, and could tell a tale of cock and bull as glibly as the rest of us. One such letter, which was to the intent that she should immediately bestow upon him an additional largesse of pocket-money, brought from the good Queen a gentle reproof. Quite cheerily he replied: "My dear Grandmamma,—I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, as I have sold your last letter to another boy here for thirty shillings."

A Road-Hog Indeed.

The financial upsets of the motor-buses, to say nothing of their literal overturnings, must revive in the breasts of nervous moderns something of the horror which their predecessors evoked. One of them caused a complete breakdown in the health of a most estimable lady, famed in the London of her day. She was on her way from Richmond to London, when a footman, seeing a bus approaching, popped his stupid head through the open window of the carriage, and yelled with that freezing horror that was once imported into the tones of the Fat Boy of "Pickwick," "Ma'am,

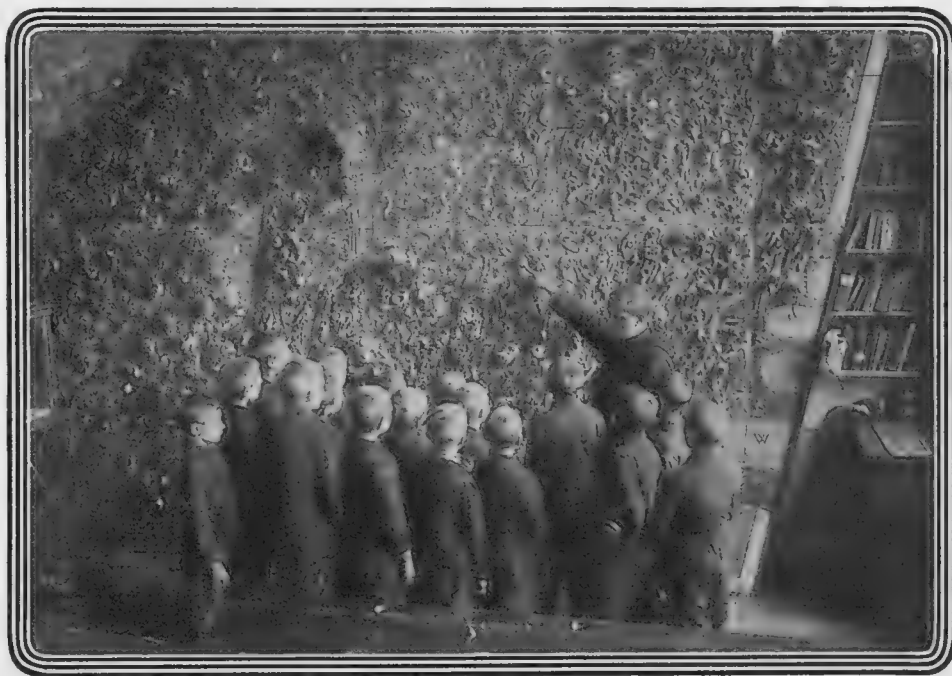
the omnibus." The dear soul in the coach incontinently swooned. The term "omnibus" had no precise significance for her, but she inferred from the sound that it was some hideous monster escaped from the "Zoo." She was never the same woman afterwards.



A MUCH-WANTED COLLEGE: A SCHOOL FOR OFFICE BOYS.

A school for office boys has been started in New York. Would that there were one in London! The lads are taught all the duties they are likely to be called upon to perform—copying, filing letters, and so on.

Photograph by H. Steffen.



YACHTSMEN OF THE FUTURE LEARNING TO AVOID DISASTER: STUDYING THE HIDDEN DANGERS OF THE SEA BY MEANS OF A RELIEF CHART.

The chart shows the bottom of the ocean.—[Photograph by the International Press Agency.]

KEY-NOTES

IT is good to learn that arrangements for the Autumn Opera are now nearly completed, and many artists in the front rank have been engaged—Destinn, Giachetti, Maria Gay, Sammarco, Bassi, and Vignas. We may look for an eight weeks' season at a time of the year when the attractions of London, as a place of residence demand considerable search; and there are rumours of two, or even three, novelties. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that the conditions under which the autumn season is given are exceptionally hard. The competition between Messrs. Hammerstein and Conried in New York, added to the increasing prosperity of the South American Republics, is having a very marked effect upon the difficulties of securing the best talent for a season in which ordinary theatre prices prevail at the Opera House, and salaries must be reduced proportionately. Although opera in Italy and New York is hardly well before the public before December, the claims of rehearsals cannot be overlooked. By the beginning of November, the artists engaged in New York must have crossed the Atlantic, while those whose work lies in Italy and in the other centres of opera on the Continent must be preparing to reach their destination.

The effect of competition in New York has been to inflate prices paid to favourite artists to an extent almost beyond precedent in the annals of opera. Mr. Conried is said to take £80,000 in subscription money before he opens his doors, and at the Manhattan Opera House, Mr. Hammerstein is gathering a large company of very wealthy subscribers who could hardly get rid of their annual incomes unless they indulged in pursuits in which the money spent has very little relation to the end served. Singers who have the public ear can command their own terms, and make in five months what they would be satisfied, under ordinary circumstances, to earn in two years. Caruso will sing for a fee more than three times as great as that which has sufficed him at Covent Garden. Madame Melba, who receives the largest salary paid to any operatic singer on the English stage, doubles that salary when she goes to America; while others whose claims upon the public purse are considerably smaller can look to save more in the course of one season in New York than they would earn in three in England. The competition between the impresarios sends their prices sky-high. This condition, of course, is very satisfactory for the singers themselves while it lasts, but it is not an unmixed benefit, because the temptation to do too much is proving irresistible to many artists, and it is easy to name singers, quite in the front rank just now, whose voices can hardly be expected to endure, even for a few years, the ceaseless strain to which they are being subjected. Quick ears have heard the change in the past few months.

The temptations that beset the singer were never as great as they are to-day. The man or woman blessed with a big voice is quite intolerant of prolonged study. The present is the golden age of the first-class singer, but nobody knows how long it will last, and all are anxious to participate. It is hard for an artist whose gifts are really considerable to remain patiently practising in poverty or obscurity while the prices paid to those who can reach the front are so tempting. Consequently, the operatic stage is in danger of being flooded by singers whose voices have been produced in a hurry, to be broken in a very few years on the rack of the modern composer's score. From the musical standpoint, the situation is a serious one. High prices are tempting many promising singers to their own undoing, and are shortening the public lives of many who stand to-day in the front rank. Moreover, the standard of operatic singing is bound to suffer, because those who can please the ever-widening circle of the public that goes to the Opera have no time to rest. The labours of Sisyphus were comparatively trifling by the side of theirs. Endless travel, with the discomforts which no forethought can remove altogether, long, fatiguing rehearsals and exacting public performances are associated to-day with engagements at private houses that go far to destroy the little leisure that an impresario grants to his company. In America the Sunday is not sacred, and all the operatic artists must appear at a concert on that day. But nobody seems disposed to pause in the race for gain, until a worn-out voice can no longer command its price, and then one more broken-down singer disappears into the background, speedily to be forgotten, while another hurries forward to bring fresh gifts to the sacrifice.

Time was when an operatic artist was content to sing throughout one season in some city of light and leading, and to devote the rest of the year to study, relieving the monotony with a few private lessons or public performances in concert or oratorio. Nowadays some singers can manage to sing at two or three opera-houses in the twelve months, and to appear in concert, in oratorio, and in private houses as well. When we consider how sensitive an organ is the human voice, and how intolerant is nature of all overdraft upon the nervous system, it must be confessed that the outlook is a discouraging one. The only road to relief lies in a return to the form of opera in which the skilled handling of the singer's voice was the composer's first aim. Unfortunately, such a style of operatic writing has gone out of fashion, and in place of the simple modulations that sufficed composers like Donizetti, we find the modern men writing music that taxes the voice to the uttermost. The tendency to tax the singer develops day by day, and one of the most successful modern operas, the "Salome" of Strauss, is at least as difficult as any work in the repertory of the opera-house.

COMMON CHORD.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

GENERAL OBERHÖCHST DEM SELBEN INSPEKTIONS RATH DER MUSIK:

MR. FELIX MOTT.

It is said that Mr. Felix Mottl, the distinguished conductor, is to receive the title quoted above—we dare not print it twice. Literally translated the title is: General-high-inspector-counsellor-of-music.

or public performances in concert or oratorio. Nowadays some singers can manage to sing at two or three opera-houses in the twelve months, and to appear in concert, in oratorio, and in private houses as well. When we consider how sensitive an organ is the human voice, and how intolerant is nature of all overdraft upon the nervous system, it must be confessed that the outlook is a discouraging one. The only road to relief lies in a return to the form of opera in which the skilled handling of the singer's voice was the composer's first aim. Unfortunately, such a style of operatic writing has gone out of fashion, and in place of the simple modulations that sufficed composers like Donizetti, we find the modern men writing music that taxes the voice to the uttermost. The tendency to tax the singer develops day by day, and one of the most successful modern operas, the "Salome" of Strauss, is at least as difficult as any work in the repertory of the opera-house.



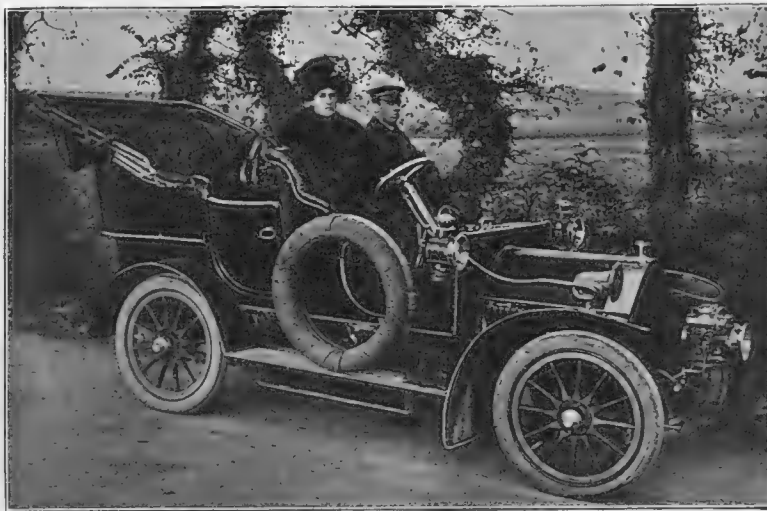
THE MOTOR-YACHT CLUB—THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-BOAT RACE—THE PEKING-PARIS VENTURE—THE RACE OF THE CIRCUIT DES ARDENNES.

It is not surprising to find the membership of the Motor-Yacht Club increasing year by year. Even those motorists who do not own a motor-boat, and really take but a passing interest in the doings of those waspish little craft, are drawn to membership of the club by the attractions of week-ends, or even longer stays, in the club house, which is the old Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* re-fitted and re-decorated in the most charming and comfortable fashion. Moored just astern of one of the Southampton boom defence ships, the *Argo*, and just opposite Netley Abbey, all the shipping and the yachting going on in that grand land-locked arm of the sea, Southampton Water, passes under review, while in the season, nine days out of ten there are motor-boat events in progress, for those who are interested in them. The Rear-Commodore of the Club, Commander Mansfield Cumming, R.N., has earned the gratitude of the membership for the great interest he has taken in the installation of these delectable headquarters, and in conjunction with Mr. F. P. Armstrong, the chairman of committees, and the secretary, Mr. W. J. Fernie, an old Blue, continues to ensure the popularity and prosperity of the club.

Speaking of the Motor-Yacht Club reminds one of the International Motor-Boat Race, promoted by this club, which, it would be thought, would attract a large number of entries in this country, besides others from abroad. As a matter of fact, four boats only were entered to represent this country, one *Flying Fish*, a Wolseley-engined boat, and three *Daimlers*, all of these being the property of and entered by that sound, but most retiring sportsman Lord Howard de Walden. As three boats only can represent one country, an eliminating race, to get rid of one of the above quartet, was necessary, and that being held in Southampton Water on Saturday, 27th inst., Mr. Lionel de Rothschild's craft, *Flying Fish*, was knocked out. Thus, Lord Howard's three boats, *Daimler I.*, *Daimler II.*, and *Daimler III.*, will try conclusions with the American craft, *Dixie*, and by the time these words are in type the issue will be known, and we shall have learned whether English prestige has received yet another blow at the hands of the foreigner. Local opinion greatly favours the American boat, *Daimler I.* being the only vessel of the three opposed believed to be capable of holding her. But, as my readers read, they know how the die was cast.

The Peking-Paris venture is now nearing its end. At the moment of writing, Prince Borghese and his companion have made a triumphant entry into Moscow on their 40-h.p. Itala, which, marvellous to relate, for all the boggings and racketings, and pullings and haulings it has undergone, much resembles the Jackdaw of Rheims in his post-cardinal curse period, inasmuch as it does not seem one penny the worse. The Prince and his journalistic Boswell might be Romans by the reception accorded them upon arrival in Russia's ancient capital; but, save as an entirely unnecessary and

self-provoked *tour-de-force*, I fail altogether to grasp the utility, or even the sense, of this so-called trans-continental drive. One would dearly like to know just exactly what proportion of the journey has been performed under the car's own power, and how much is due to the hauling of men and beasts. The tyre question would suggest impossibility to all acquainted with the manifold ways of tyres; but details of this kind—just that sort of detail which would interest your keen automobilist—are the very things wanting at the moment. Maybe there is to be a book. If so, the plums are doubtless in reservation therefor.



THE WOMAN ON THE CAR: MRS. BROOKE ON THE 15-H.P. COVENTRY HUMBER WHICH SHE HAS DRIVEN OVER 15,000 MILES.

Mrs. Brooke, once known as a popular Gaiety dancer under the name Ruby Travers, has driven her car for the 15,000 miles already noted without any mechanical trouble. The car was supplied by Messrs. Branchley Brothers and Holman, of Folkestone and Ashford, Kent.

men, the Belgian Club instituted these three races with the notion of catching entrants from amongst the Kaiserpreis and the Grand Prix competitors, in addition to others in the Circuit race itself. Result—that between three stools they have more or less come to

the ground. In the Kaiserpreis event, while the race was a veritable triumph for the Minerva cars, it was equally a triumph for English drivers. Minervas were first, second, third, and sixth, the winning car being driven by Mr. Moore-Brabazon, the third car by that plucky and persistent driver, Lee Guinness, and the sixth car by Warwick Wright, who has long been recognised in this country as one of the most expert speed drivers we possess. The three winning Minervas (the second was driven by Kooloven) all finished within one minute nineteen seconds, while the fourth, Wright's car,



THE LADY WINNER OF A GOLD MEDAL IN THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS: MRS. E. A. RILEY.

Mrs. Riley drove a 20-h.p. Belsize, and only one stoppage of half a minute—was registered against her during the five days' run of 800 miles.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow]

which ran sixth, was only thirteen odd minutes slower than its winning brother. The fourth car, a Benz, driven by Hauriot, was only two minutes slower than Brabazon's Minerva. Our Continental friends will hardly say now that we have no speed drivers in this country, when such renowned cracks as Hemery, Hautvast, Hauriot, Deplus, and Jenatszy have been vanquished by them.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—TWO-YEAR-OLDS—JOCKEY CRITICISM.

It looks as though the St. Leger is to be a one-horse affair this year. Before the Liverpool summer meeting it was regarded as a match between Orby and Woolwinder; but after the tragic defeat of Mr. Croker's Derby winner, who can support the colt with confidence for the severe task at Doncaster? It was apparent to the meanest mind after the race that something must have been wrong, but, as so often happens, that something was discovered by nobody until the race was being run, proof of which may be found in the betting returns. The reversal of the Derby form by Earlston, at a few pounds' advantage, also shows that a screw was loose somewhere. If, as Mr. Allison suggests, the defeat was partly due to the effects of the journey from Ireland (which is a far severer trial for a horse than the journey from France) it is to be hoped that Orby will be kept over here, or that he will be sent over two or three weeks before the St. Leger. As things stand, however, Colonel Baird and those who follow the fortunes of Woolwinder are on top. Whether they will remain there seems to be a matter of the health of Orby. Some bitterness ensued over the supposed ill-advised tactics of Madden on Woolwinder in the Derby, and Colonel Baird may be compensated to an extent by a St. Leger victory. But, after all, the Derby is the one race that owners strive for above all else, and Colonel Baird may have to wait a long time before such another chance presents itself. The St. Leger and Ascot Gold Cup perhaps rank second in the list of races that are coveted by breeders and owners. Colonel Baird's chances of winning the Leger look very rosy.

Something like a shock went through me when I witnessed the defeat of Prospector by Olympus. There is an old and well-founded belief that a first-class two-year-old can give away any amount of weight in reason to one of its own age. Well, Prospector failed to give Lord Rosebery's colt 15 lb.; hence the shock. Reflection brought to mind, however, two things: that the course on which this event occurred is about the stiffest five furlongs in England, not even excepting Gatwick,

at Liverpool was by no means inspiring. Judged on that form, White Eagle does not come out a top-sawyer, although he is unbeaten.

Likewise unbeaten is Sir Archibald, whose best form was shown at Ascot, when he beat a big field comfortably. It was truly a case of running an angel unawares when this colt beat Moccasin at Newmarket in May. In a huge, unwieldy field Moccasin was backed down to 6 to 5, and Sir Archibald started at 20 to 1. In the light of

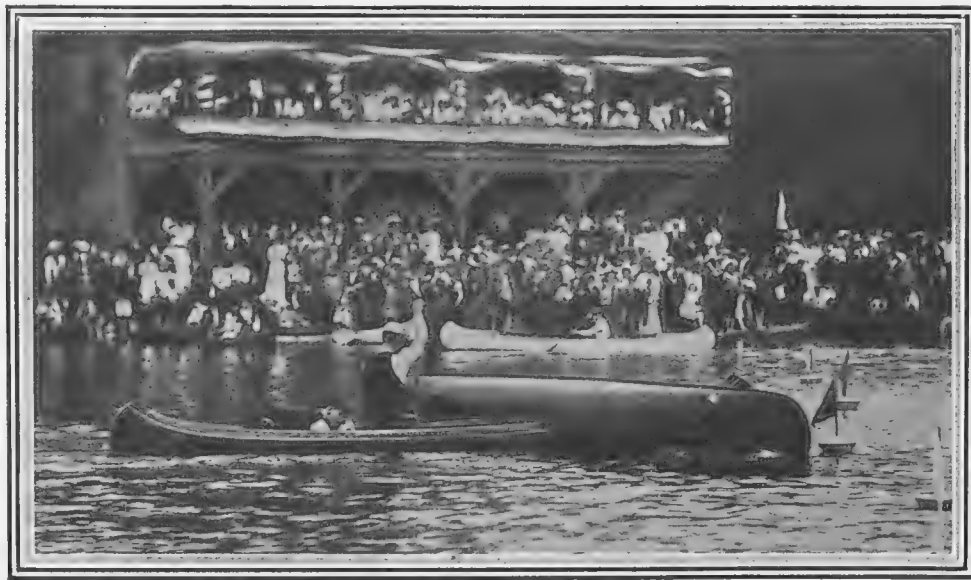


FOR USE WHEN THE LION HUNTS THE SPORTSMAN: A CURIOUS DEFENCE AGAINST WILD ANIMALS IN THE BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA PROTECTORATE.

The scene is a native village. Lions have a habit of getting into the huts by tearing away the grass thatch: hence the protection.

subsequent events it was no wonder that Moccasin failed to win. As regards the crack two-year-old fillies it is a question between Bracelet and Rhodora. Many good judges prefer Bracelet. Supremacy may not be established until the Chieveley Park Stakes are run in the autumn. That appears to be the first occasion on which the pair can meet.

A large section of men who go racing regularly are never tired of airing their views—mostly biased—on jockeys. They will dogmatise at times on a rider until one is left wondering why that particular man is ever entrusted by owners and trainers with the handling of horses. In the course of the short journey from Kempton and Sandown to town I have heard certain riders absolutely torn to shreds. This year the favourite subjects have been Madden, Halsey, and, in a lesser degree (and for some years now), M. Cannon. Madden is the one absorbing topic. I have been told that he has lost his nerve, that he rides with bad judgment, that whatever knowledge of pace he possessed he has lost—in short, that as a jockey he is a thing of the past. Halsey has been criticised almost as harshly, and M. Cannon, whatever happens, always comes in for his share. If Morny wins a race, we are told he couldn't help doing so; should he lose by a neck, head, or half-a-length, then the flood-gates of abuse are opened, with what result we saw in the case of Out o' Sight at Epsom. I got one of these gentry grudgingly to admit, after Madden had dead-heated with Fugleman at Newbury, that no jockey could have ridden a better race. As a rule I take little heed of criticism that is obviously prompted by the pocket, but I have heard so much bitter railing at these jockeys this season that I feel bound to protest. Let us have fair play, gentlemen. No man, whatever be his particular department, can be expected to be always at the top of his form. And jockeys are no exception to this rule.—CAPTAIN COE.



A SUGGESTION TO REGATTA COMMITTEES: A LIFE-SAVING CANOE RACE.

The competitors work in pairs. One upsets his canoe and remains in the water; the other comes to his rescue, takes him ashore, and then returns for the overturned canoe. The first pair home win.

Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Co.

Sandown, and Ascot, and that we had been full of Olympus earlier in the season. One is forced to the conclusion that Sir Archibald and White Eagle are the best colts of their age that have appeared in public, and of the latter it cannot be said that he exactly covered himself with glory when beating Rhodora at Sandown Park. He just scrambled home from Mr. Croker's filly, who, earlier, had failed to give Temeraire a few pounds in Ireland. And Temeraire's form

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

French Novelists at Large.

The Entente Cordiale has had one unexpected effect: it has turned the attention of the French novelist on English society, and particularly on that section which a certain Catholic divine condemns. The *roman à clef* must nowadays be laid in Belgravia, and not in the Faubourg St. Germain, and yellow-covered romances which aspire to a large circulation must concern themselves with the doings of singularly frisky *Angliches*. The result is somewhat curious, except when—as in the case of Mlle. Marie Anne de Bovet—the writer is thoroughly familiar with our island tongue and manners. It is true that M. Paul Bourget long ago introduced the English country house to French readers, but since he has developed into a political and religious partisan the vogue of his novels—which have become exceedingly tiresome—is over, and Gallic readers in search of information about our manners and morals must turn to the work of younger and livelier writers. On the whole, we cut but a poor figure in these modern French books, and English Society would be in a parlous state if it were really as it is held up for our Allies' inspection.

Woman and the Secret.

The antique gibe about women being incapable of keeping secrets has been revived by one of his Majesty's Judges, and solemnly enunciated in a Court of Law. It sounds quaintly mid-Victorian, in these days of feminine ascendancy, to hear Mr. Justice Darling declare that the two victims in the Kennel-Maid case were most remarkable because they could (and did) keep a secret. As a matter of fact, I believe woman nowadays to be a secretive creature rather than otherwise. She does not—like so many men—yearn to unburden her woes to the first attractive person she meets, and to reveal a past which may not be altogether to her own or her relatives' credit. On the contrary, she usually emulates the admirable example of Brer Rabbit, with the result that the family is often kept together when blundering masculine tongues would shatter the

Electric Fruit and Flowers.

flowers, or fruit on this island of ours. They will be confirmed in this prejudice when on a large scale in our gardens and our greenhouses. These experiments, which are to be carried out at the Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park, may have the effect of revolutionising our flower and fruit supply, so that strawberries may become as plentiful in January as in July, and it may not only be "roses, roses all the way," but all the year round. The idea is to have powerful arc-lamps projecting violet rays moving slowly above the plants, together with a "supply of electrostatic current"—whatever that may mean—for the roots. It remains to be seen whether a rose will smell as sweet grown under an arc-lamp with chemically active rays as in the sun; but if these experiments prove successful it is certain that all persons possessing an electric dynamo of their own will employ it to "force the pace" with their chrysanthemums and cucumbers, their pansies and their peas. In the near future our rural pleasaunces may resemble some weird imagining of Mr. H. G. Wells's rather than a sober English country house.

Boys in Girls' Parts.

The most singular and striking opinion in Professor Walter Raleigh's new *Life of Shakespeare* is that romantic drama died in England when boys ceased to play women's parts. We all know that the persons who "created" the rôles of Juliet and Portia, of Imogen and Ophelia were smooth-cheeked boys, and that the actress only made her appearance with Charles II. and the drama of the Restoration. Hitherto we have been inclined to pity Shakespeare and his audience for having only squeaky-voiced lads to impersonate those marvellous and intensely feminine characters, but Professor Raleigh thinks that poetic drama gained, rather than lost, by these boy-actresses. He declares that the modern actress imports not only too much realism, but a superabundance of her own personality into the Shakespearean part, and that the highly trained but more "conventional" boy-actor could better convey the true inwardness of the poet's incomparable lines. It is an original idea, and one which might be tested by one of our archæological dramatic societies, who might let us see if a boy Imogen could hold a candle to Ellen Terry.

"Skittles."

There is a certain monotony nowadays about our summer outdoor games, and the person who has been ignominiously beaten at croquet on several consecutive afternoons either yearns for his opponent's blood, or is of opinion that we might introduce some other and less exasperating pastime. One such which can be earnestly recommended is the once popular English game of skittles. It has many points in its favour, not the least being its gay and light-hearted name, which suggests drowsy summer afternoons, and pleasant alleys where the balls roll over smooth boards to the destruction of rows of stalwart ninepins. Moreover, it is excellent exercise for arm and eye, and a large number of people can take part in the game in swift succession.



A YACHTING GOWN OF COARSELY WOVEN WHITE LINEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A SMART BLACK HAT WITH MARABOUT PLUMES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

domestic edifice. It is not too much to say that society is largely built up on the assumption that woman can and must hold her tongue. If she chooses to smile and be silent, it is because the family is to her the first and prime consideration, and the law of expediency the law which she is apt to obey with the greatest alacrity. All of which goes to prove that woman is essentially an opportunist, and the opportunist is the most discreet of civilised beings.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

A WOMAN must needs forsake her usual town haunts for a while, unless she would emulate Lord Dundreary's bird and flock all alone! There is no plumage left to remark upon; London is delivered over to the tourist and the tripper and those of her own children who are now enjoying her in undress costume. There are compensations to the few who are left. "Taxis"—as the latest public conveyances are familiarly called—are to be had at every few yards in the West End. One's entry thereinto is watched by at least three disengaged drivers of hansom, whose feelings may be imagined. At lunch at a restaurant, one is waited on in a way that only royalty could command in the season. Friends, when they have elaborately explained why they are not yet off, are eager to bestow their company on you. All this is pleasant until it palls. Even the excursionist who asks you the way to the street you are standing in, and has an unerring instinct for the wrong side of the pavement, and for pursuing a bumping progression which would put the May-week boats to shame, is amusing for a time.

Travel is in the air; everyone wants to move on. This week Cowes claims the attention of a large section of Society—not necessarily the yachting world only, for there are lots of women at the little Solent seaport to-day who love the sea only when they are on the land. It is an adventure they undertake with what courage they can summon to embark on a launch for dinner or lunch on a friend's yacht. Whether they are sailors or not, it is regatta week, and everyone has to dress the part. The time when the rule is relaxed, and the landswoman may wear a garden-party frock, is for tea in the Castle gardens. Even then she looks conspicuous, for the majority of the tea-drinkers come ashore in yachting garb, and the men are in reefers and caps all the time. To eyes accustomed, throughout the Season, to elaborate dresses and many colours, the scene on the beautiful sward under the trees of the Castle grounds at Cowes is an extraordinary change. There is a delicious sense of relaxation and rest about it.

The social aspect of the yachting festival is exclusive. The Castle is the centre of life there, and those who are not of the Squadron, or have no friends members thereof to obtain admission for them, are marked outsiders. For such there is no temptation to go ashore. Imagine that ladies who cannot get inside the Castle gates would not go to the regatta at all. The entrée there means also practically the inclusion in the yacht hospitality, which is lavish. From their Majesties down, all the yacht-owners are busily entertaining, and there are dinners and dances ashore. Concerts and variety-shows after dinner on the yachts are very popular, and the Squadron Garden-party causes a large assemblage. By no means, however, is it the most fashionable afternoon in these grounds. The women on the yachts find it boringly like what they have been doing all the season, so they will not land for it.

The Queen is little seen ashore. It is not her custom to land, as the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught do occasionally, at the Squadron Stage, and spend half-an-hour there under the trees. Her Majesty seldom leaves the royal yacht save for West Cowes or for a cruise on a sailing yacht. One may pass closely by then, and see the Queen in a deck-chair, dressed in a short white serge skirt, a little coat, and a white sailor-hat, chatting gaily with a group of friends below the great white mainsail. It may be noticed, too, that the Queen's interest is all for what is going on.

Her marine glass is in constant use, and if racers fly by, they are snapshotted promptly by her Majesty. Quick-sighted, as a sea-loving lady should be, it is the Queen who sees first a little motor-boat tearing along like a flying-fish, draws attention to it, and has the craft laid to in order that she may get a picture.

A drawing of a smart, business-like yachting gown will be found on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of coarsely woven white linen. In the skirt tapering panels of pastel-blue linen are inserted with a dainty embroidered border, and pastel-blue buttons on the strappings. The bolero, almost all of pastel-blue linen with white strappings,

is sleeveless, and there is a pastel-blue tie in a sailor's knot. The blouse is of soft white batiste. There is also a drawing of a very smart and becoming large black hat, trimmed with black-and-white marabout plumes. It is suitable for garden parties, always a feature of the country house season.

Photographers have been lamentably handicapped by the elements this year, at a season when they hope to bag some of their best records; but now the fascinating pastime is in full swing, and given a continuance of favourable conditions, they will soon make up for lost time. We have been looking over a pamphlet issued by Ross, Limited, describing their "Homocentric" lens, and if any lover of the art is not yet provided with all his impedimenta he should read this little pamphlet before fixing on the lens to be used. The "Homocentric" appears to possess all the qualities requisite for first-class work.

The Daimler Motor Company are taking part in the Godiva procession to-day, and their exhibit includes the Renard Train and other vehicles, among which is the car they have recently presented to the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital. The Company have also presented the Godiva Souvenir, an excellent production with coloured illustrations, to the Godiva Procession Committee. The presentation amounts to a sum of £735 to the hospital. This is in addition to the £740 Daimler they gave a short time ago.

"From London to the Zambesi" very well describes a handbook just issued by the British South Africa Company, for the particular benefit of tourists and sportsmen. It supplies in the minimum of language every possible information required to transport oneself from London to the banks of the Zambesi, down to the smallest detail of a lady's outfit. The text is embellished with numerous

reproductions of photographs, between thirty and forty of which have never before been published. The handbook is sure to be welcomed by every intending traveller, who is also treated to the luxury of a number of useful maps. The British South Africa Company, 2, London Wall Buildings, E.C., undertake to supply copies of the handbook post free.

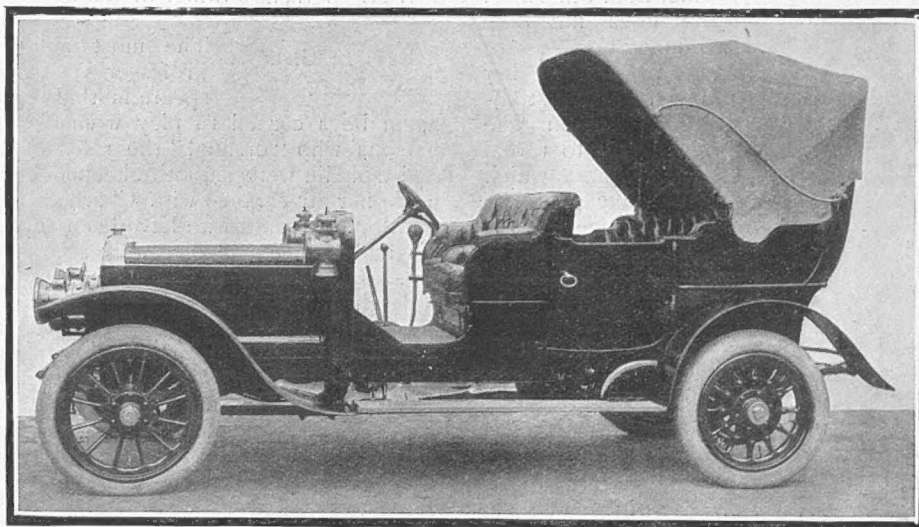
A Battle of Flowers is to be held in Jersey to-morrow (the 8th). The flower carnival is one of the prettiest spectacles imaginable, and yearly draws some thousands of visitors from England and

France. Originally started in 1900, it has grown year by year, until now the arrangements need the attention of a large staff of honorary workers for months in advance. An illustrated descriptive pamphlet, with plans of seats, and lists of apartments, boarding-houses, and hotels to suit all pockets, can be obtained free from the Health Resorts Association, 29, John Street, Bedford Row, London. The London and South-Western Railway's fine fleet of new steamers make the journey at night in nine hours.



THE MAKING OF ERASMIC SOAP: A BUSY SCENE IN MESSRS. JOSEPH CROSFIELD AND SONS' FAMOUS FACTORY AT WARRINGTON.

The members of the British Pharmaceutical Conference paid a visit to the factory the other day, and were much interested. There is an efficient fire-brigade, salvage corps, and ambulance in connection with the works, and the employés are encouraged to go in for sports. Every boy and girl is taught to swim, and there are two choirs, a dramatic society, gymnastic exercises, and a very efficient brass band.



LORD NORMANTON'S NEW CAR: A HOOPER DOUBLE PHAETON BODY ON A DAIMLER CHASSIS.

The car has just been delivered to Lord Normanton by Messrs. Hooper and Co., 54, St. James's Street, S.W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

ABSENCE OF MONEY.

A PART from the personal aspect of the case, the absence of money from the investment markets of the Stock Exchange becomes more emphasised with every succeeding month. To explain this, it is necessary to look at the continued shrinkage amongst all sorts of securities, a shrinkage which has led would-be investors to prefer the safety of deposit accounts, where the capital remains intact, to the uncertainty of stocks and shares, where increased interest is earned too often at the expense of the amount originally spent. The present should be a tempting opportunity for the purchase of good stocks of all kinds, but the prophet who would venture upon the hope of advanced prices three months hence, or even the statement that the capitalist would be able to get all his money back at the end of this period, might well be startled at his own temerity. The point to be considered is the selection of good stocks, paying reasonable interest. Then the buyer can afford to look on at a possible depreciation in his investment, satisfied that, so long as the stock yields a good return, the swing of the pendulum will in course of time place his securities upon a level higher than they command now.

COMMONWEALTH OIL.

Our valued correspondent "Q" is not sending a Note this week, but writes: "Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the Commonwealth Oil Corporation, arrived in England on Saturday last, and I understand that his report as to the Company is so remarkable that it has been decided to call an extraordinary meeting of the shareholders and to lay the report before them."

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"You can take stockbrokers individually," observed the journalist, looking up from his writing, "and they are, well, fairly sane on the whole."

Our Stroller smiled, leant against the mantelpiece, and helped himself to a biscuit.

"But —?" said he.

"But take them collectively, put three or four thousand into four square walls, and leave them to their own devices, and you get the somethingest, silliest set of idiots going!"

Our Stroller laughed outright, and regretted that he had not some of his Stock Exchange friends with him to learn their true character, collectively speaking.

"What's the particular grievance, if I may ask?"

"Look at Consols," went on the irate writer. "Consols yield, say, 3 per cent. on the money. Then look at Irish Land Guaranteed stock, paying about £3 6s. on the money. Who's going to buy Consols when he can get precisely the same security and $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. more interest? But the Stock Exchange is dumbfounded because Consols go down! Ever hear such rot?"

Our Stroller, still smiling, said he never had—in all his life.

"Other stocks hang upon Consols, though," he ventured.

"Another proof of Stock Exchange insanity," was the triumphant answer. "Because Consols are getting nearer the level of yield reached by other high-class stocks equally good, everything else has to go down with them. Forsooth!" And he angrily took a cigarette.

"Consols are a very sacred national institution," Our Stroller reminded him. "And investors don't like the name of 'Irish,' and Local Loans haven't quite the same flavour as Consols."

"Sentiment," the journalist retorted. "Sheer wishy-washy sentiment. I know that the market in Consols is freer than that of the other stocks, but surely freedom of market is not an advantage equal to five or six shillings per cent. in the interest?"

"Well, if I had my choice of the three stocks, although I know the security is identical, I should——"

"You'd what?" and the expert looked up eagerly.

"Well, it would take me some time to decide," was the cautious answer.

"That's it. There you are. Your Stock Exchange friends have managed to imbue you and the public generally with the idea that Consols have a kind of aureole of sanctity attached to them, so you must sacrifice percentage to per-per——"

"Perversity," concluded our friend. "I say, I'm afraid this is wasting your time."

"Not at all. It interests me. Must you? Good-bye, then!"

Our Stroller descended the narrow stairs, and mused upon his friend's warmth. "I can't quite see how he——"

"Saved your life again!" cried his broker gaily, as he hauled our friend's toes from beneath the wheels of an electrobus. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I was thinking about Consols," Our Stroller apologised.

"Consols? Oh, they'll go to 80. Safe as houses. Before long, too."

"Then everything else——"

"Suppose so. Home Railway stocks will, anyway."

"Why are Consols so flat?" His client clung pertinaciously to the point. "All the papers——"

"Never mind them. In one sentence, Consols are flat because

every mortal thing in the borrowing way has been overdone to death."

"I don't quite follow."

"Haven't we had tons of stock from the Government, from municipalities, from foreign Powers, from the Colonies and India, and goodness knows who else, for the past five or six years? Not to mention American Railways, North and South."

"I suppose so."

"Of course we have. And still they want more. What markets can stand that sort of thing for ever? Personally, I see nothing surprising in this Consol fall."

"Were you a bear, if I may ask?"

"It's very easy to be wise after the event," his broker evaded him.

"Then you're not ultra-bullish at present?"

"Hanged if I am. I still believe in the one-of-these-days theory, but I can't see the rise just yet."

"Some things should be cheap, though."

"They are. Take Mexican First Preference as an example. Or Cuban Fives. Or Lyons shares. There's a pretty representative trio of investments for you. All likely to go better. All paying good rates of interest."

They had drifted into Shorter's Court, as usual.

"Not while they pay 10 per cent.," one man was saying. "So long as Unions yield a man 7 per cent. on the money I say they are cheap."

"And how long——"

"Just as long as it suits the insiders to keep it there," declared a third. "They could distribute 5 per cent., or 10 or 15, as it suits their own convenience."

"All the better for our gay and giddy gamble," added another.

"Hear, hear. I made twelve pounds ten on one bargain to-day, and lost a 'pony' on the next. But on balance I make enough to pay funeral expenses. Look out for these assassins."

And the group respectfully scattered to admit the passage of a dozen brawny workmen, bearing upon their shoulders a huge iron girder, which they proceeded to carry into the Stock Exchange.

"There's something substantial to prop up your markets with to-morrow," commented Our Stroller.

Friday, August 2, 1907.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. H.—A very dubious sort of affair. We have made careful inquiries in the market, but there is no price, and no likelihood of a market being made. If the certificate is endorsed by the seller, it is probably in order. We could only tell by looking at it.

TOWSER.—Different cities, etc., choose different papers for publication of the lists of drawings. We believe the *Frankfurt Gazette* is one of the most useful, but your banker or stockbroker would, no doubt, be able to get whatever particulars you require.

TWICE BITTEN.—Quite likely Zincs may have another twist up before long. But we should not buy more *Japan*. Please read our Rule 2.

NOTE.—In consequence of the paper going to press earlier than usual on account of the holidays, we must beg the indulgence of readers who may not find their letters answered in this issue.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The second half of the Sussex Fortnight will produce some capital racing, although Reckless, who was so narrowly beaten in the Stewards' Cup, seems to have wrecked the sprint handicap at Lewes—the De Warrenne Handicap. Some of the following may win—Brighton, Wednesday: Sussex Plate, Reckless (if absent, Petual); Berwick Welter, Drusus; Brighton Cup, Apponyi; Apprentices' Handicap, Ardea; Stanmer Plate, Bookmaker; Rottingdean Plate, Twinkle II. Brighton, Thursday: High-Weight Handicap, Emerald; Southdown Plate, Land League; Cliftonville Plate, Damage. Lewes, Friday: De Warrenne Handicap, Reckless; Astley Stakes, Simpatica; Neville Plate, Craghead. Lewes, Saturday: Hamsey Welter, Hon. Jummy; Lewes Handicap, Rifleite; Priory Stakes, Seance. Haydock Park, Friday: August Handicap, Precentor. Saturday: Holiday Handicap, Precentor.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

WE have progressed beyond the melodramatic stage in Russian stories. The curtain has fallen upon them, and we now see grimmer things than the escapades of official wives, or even the masterful silences of Herr Steinmetz, the late Mr. Seton Merriman's man of iron and sentiment. The circumstances of "The Secret Syndicate" (John Long) are more convincing to us than Steinmetz's still, strong adventures. The book reads like a page torn—roughly torn—out of a chapter of real life. It looks as if Mr. Fred Wishaw had met—or heard of—a rascally syndicate such as he describes, by which rich men are first trapped into the clutches of Russian justice, then bled, then released on their way to exile by the substitution of other more or less innocent victims. The syndicate's working is rather too involved to enter into here, but anyone who has an inkling of the method of the bureaucracy at work—say, on Government contracts—will be inclined to swallow the story whole. It is worth reading with attention. The meeting of the Committee of the National Hospital is an auxiliary incident equally searching and realistic. There have been Grand Dukes who have handled philanthropic funds and found them sticking to their fingers. Mr. Wishaw snapshots his imaginary Imperial Highness in the act, and does it very cleverly. The machinations of the anarchistic society are not quite so probable; they seem rather stupid. But possibly it is exactly their stupidity that is drawn from the life. The society sent out a woman to execute one of its enemies, when it knew she was full of loathing for her purpose, and would evade it if she could. It does not look like the way to get assassinations done; but, as we said before, it is just the human bungling that may be true. Anyhow, "The Secret Syndicate" is a good book.

The Ferribys were not a nice family, although they were as old as the hills, and lived in Ferriby Grange, where there was a "lavender-room," and seventeenth-century silver, and a buttery, deep down stone steps, that was a handy place for locking people in. They had not the knack of getting nice servants, either; faithful Jane Skidfell, who was full to congestion with their grisly family secrets, was anything but a pleasant person. In short, they were of a class one meets (mercifully) but seldom in real life, but who, in a novel, provide the most exciting situations. Therefore, let people who want to be thrilled read "Ferriby" (Methuen), by

Mrs. Vere Campbell. If they wish to study a beautiful wanton, Irene Garth is dissected with a particular minuteness for their observation. If they care to know what Daphne Estorel felt like when she covered up the traces of John Ferriby's murder by the dark o' the moon they can have every quivering detail of it. The scene of the murder is uncommonly well done. The story is ably written, too, with considerable intensity. And the thrills! There are enough of them here to send even the fairy-tale prince who found it so hard to shiver trembling to his bed. A sequel seems to be promised in the last words. It ought to come in time for Christmas gatherings, and be read while the wind whistles in the chimney.

"The Eternal Dawn" (Everett) begins with comparative soberness by introducing a galaxy of titled folk at the luncheon-table, where sturdy lackeys wait, and champagne creams in the glass. Oh, that world where the lackeys are sturdy, and the women sweep majestically out of rooms while the men stand up, "their heads bowed, and fiddling with their serviettes"! The simple luncheon table, where Lord Tattenham eats his "huge bunch of black grapes," is all too modest for it. The Honourable Percy and Lord Guy were plainly meant to live in evening dress, and so was her Ladyship, though 'tis true she was but "one of those strange products of our so-called civilisation which contribute to the unmaking of history whithersoever they go." This passage will be seen to rival the context in which the same lady stands on the ruins of blighted hopes, stifled aspirations, darkened souls and flagging hearts—the usurper of an historic name, the dispenser of enormous wealth, the wielder of untrammelled power. She may, in short, be described as a person whose description demands a large supply of adjectives, and so a character entirely to the taste of Messrs. A. Egmont Hake and David Christie Murray, who are responsible for "The Eternal Dawn." It is silly, bombastic stuff, so bombastic that it is surprising to find that it has quite a plausible plot, and that its people, though stagey in the extreme, now and then do rational things in a rational manner. On the other hand, however, they plunge into bathos and terribly long-winded yarns on the smallest provocation. There is not a little unconscious humour in the book.

In our last issue we stated that Mr. Martin Harvey was Vice-President of the Ethnological Society, the information having been given to us by a most reliable contributor. We regret that it was incorrect. Mr. Harvey is Vice-President of the Ethnological Society—from "ethos," manners, morals; not "ethnos," race.

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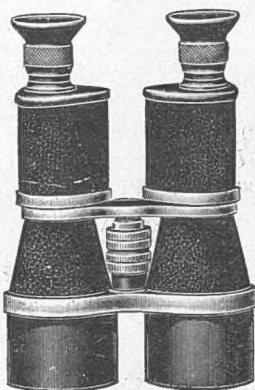
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